Submission Agenda:
ORIGINS
By Pegasus

BOOK V:
HOLLYWOOD

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With a massive fortune at his disposal and an ever-expanding harem of subjugated, devoted fuck-slaves, Miles realizes there is no woman he wants that he cannot have.

He has conquered the most beautiful women in the world of porn, and the famous supermodels in the world now beg for his cum.

Now, as his Agenda of domination and rape leads him to Hollywood, he is also unwittingly beginning down a path that will soon bring him into conflict with powers beyond anything he's ever known, and a destiny that will shake the foundations of the Marvel Universe…

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Chapter 26:
My Dinner with Margot

The next few weeks were a busy time, as the Agenda kicked into a whole new gear. Plundering the world of elite supermodels had been a highly satisfying endeavor, and it had also opened new doors I had never imagined. Every new conquest not only added a beautiful, fresh face to my harem — they also multiplied my net wealth and amplified my social reach in was previously unimaginable.

The key was taking Kim Kardashian, one of the most famous and beautiful women in the world. A walking jerk off fantasy for a million boys, the socialite and reality TV star had matured into fantastical MILF proportions in recent years. She looked like a fertility idol, an emblem of sex and female allure. Thick, pouting lips, wide-set doe eyes, an exaggerated hourglass figure and heavy, hanging, fulsome breasts.

I was on a rampage through the model scene and Kim barely slowed me down. I'd arranged to host an NYC Fashion Week afterparty at a club I had recently purchased in SoHo and I found Kim there, in the VIP section. I chatted her up with my sister, shouting incomprehensibly over the thumping and incessant music, then within five minutes we were in one of the private back rooms and I had this gorgeous, unattainable beauty bent over a drinks table with her gown up around her waist, fucking her hard from behind, making the fat, round cheeks of her famous ass bounce and clap with the impact of my thrusts.

I probably fucked 50 women that week, and Kim was only one of them. She joined my

stable and I started the legal proceedings to acquire her personal fortune, and she shared the bed in my penthouse with a dozen other of my favorite recent conquests for the next few nights. But I soon realized she had some usefulness beyond her body… She had connections. As a businesswoman, she was operating at the highest levels of society and the entertainment world. I was blown away as I scrolled through her phone, reading the names of mega-star celebrities, actresses, directors, producers, politicians…

I was realizing by that point that Hollywood would be my final frontier, so to speak. My foray into the fashion world had been hugely rewarding, but I craved… more. Models were easy. I was growing wealthier by the day, but I wanted real influence, real power. And I wanted the opportunity to fuck and enslave the most famous women in the world, names I'd been fantasizing about for as long as I could remember. I had no desire to be personally famous myself… but I could *touch* fame, I could have any woman I wanted, I could know forever that these celebrities, these goddesses, belonged to *me*.

And it was so simple. I was already fostering connections in the entertainment world through the litany of supermodels populating my expansive harem, not to mention the porn empire I had more or less monopolized in the six months since Stef and I walked onto the floor at the AVN Expo in Las Vegas. And I had amassed a personal fortune in the tens of billions of dollars, wealth I had grown adept at throwing around.

It was child's play, therefore, to masquerade as a fledgling movie producer looking to break into the industry. Using Kim and her reps as intermediaries, I started arranging meetings with some of the biggest stars in Hollywood. Producers smelled money, just like the influencers and social climbers who had been drawn to the parties on my yacht in Miami.

And that's how I wound up scheduling a dinner meeting with Margot Robbie.

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By the time she was 30, Margot Robbie had evolved from just another blonde starlet into one of the most powerful producers in Hollywood. After her breakout role in Scorcese's *The Wolf of Wall Street*, with a performance that oozed sexuality and stole the screen with her breathtaking beauty, she had moved on to a superhero franchise, playing the popular character Harley Quinn in one of the lesser DC films outings, *The Suicide Squad.*

The film was panned by critics and that could have been a major speed bump in Margot's career, but she parlayed the character's popularity and her own affinity for playing the manic, sexy, pigtailed harlequin into a spin-off film, and then returned for a second *Suicide Squad* film just a few years later. Margot was moving behind the scenes now, working not just as one of the hottest on-screen starlets but also as a legitimate actress and a producer.

All of this culminated, of course, with the success of *Barbie*, another IP adaptation with

Robbie at the center of the project, both as star and as a key producer who dictated the tone and cherry-picked a director who would go on to create the biggest movie of the year. Margot played the titular role, giving emotional depth to an otherwise mindless and vapid blonde doll.

All the while, of course, Margot was renowned as one of the most gorgeous women in the world, a stunning blonde Australian beauty with big, blue eyes, rosy cheeks and a broad, glittering, infectious smile. Her body was lithe and curvaceous, like a dancer's. The camera lingered on her long legs and her modest but ample chest as she squeezed into the booty-shorts and crop-top outfit of Harley Quinn. Her first performance in the *The Wolf of Wall Street*, of course, was notorious for a scene of full-frontal nudity that made her a jerk-off fantasy dream girl for millions of men around the world, virtually overnight.

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She did not disappoint as I watched her enter the West Hollywood restaurant Azúcar from my seat near the back of the dining room. She was dressed in an eye-catching yellow skirt-suit, a low-cut blouse showing off just a hint of cleavage, skirt riding up just a bit on her tanned thighs. Professional, all business, but with an unmistakeable undertone of sex. Her hair was long and golden, draping down over her shoulders and framing her glowing, elfin face. She was otherworldly, more beautiful in person than she had looked on-screen, and I found myself stirring with lust even as I watched her weave her way through the restaurant, approaching my table. My cock pulsed in my pants, firming already, and I tried to control my breathing, slowing my heart rate.

I had chosen the setting, as I had acquired Azúcar earlier that year, expanding my real estate and business empire quietly in Los Angeles. The owner, a wealthy heiress, was now my slave, as was the hostess and most of the waiting staff. That's how I had arranged for the trap I was about to set for Margot. Total control of the environment. Planning, anticipation… and now, the moment.

I saw a quizzical look pass over Margot's lovely features as she approached the table, taking in my modest looks and obvious youth as I stood to greet her.

"Margot? I'm Miles. Thanks so much for meeting me," I said, extending a hand with a smile.

She paused, looking me up and down, obviously trying not to be rude. I was used to this treatment by now. The way I was judged and underestimated because of my age. Eventually, the actress took my hand and shook it loosely before sliding the chair out across from me and taking a seat. She looked around, as if expecting a prank.

"I know, I know," I said, sitting down with a chuckle. "I'm younger than you expected."

"Yes, quite a bit," she said in a lilting Australian accent.

“I get that a lot,” I said. “But I promise, I’m older than I look.”

She looked unconvinced. In the pregnant silence that followed, a waitress sidled up to our table. Her name was Trish, a petite but busty brunette I had fucked for the first time the week before. She gave me a knowing smile before asking if we were ready to order. Distractedly, Margot glanced at the menu and asked for a Caesar salad.

I watched her, soaking up her beauty, appreciating every curve and line of her face. She was radiantly beautiful up close, distractingly so. On par with some of the models I’d ‘entertained’ of late, but more than that, she had a sort of… poise, a practiced self-assuredness that I assume came from years of performing, from living her life in front of the camera.

I felt myself swell with anticipation as I watched her, my cock throbbing in my pants, the feeling as I reached out with my pheromones, knowing she was well within my range now. I could have her, I could take her. She suddenly felt very small to me, this woman more than twice my age, a flawless beauty, a distinguished actress, a fantasy for men the world over. I could have her, I could take her for all she was worth, and it would be easy.

“Now, my manager told me you were interested in producing, in bankrolling,” Margot said casually, sipping an ice water, still eyeing me suspiciously.

“Yes, that’s right,” I said. “I don’t have a production company yet *per se,* but I’ve come into a personal fortune and I’ve always wanted to get into movies. And, obviously, I’m very impressed with your work and everything you’ve done, so I couldn’t think of anyone I would want to partner with more…”

“That’s very kind of you,” she said, tossing a long wave of blonde hair over her shoulder with a winning smile. “Now, I thought I had read… I think my agent told me you had some experience in the industry, but I wasn’t quite sure what…?”

“Ah, right,” I said, sipping my ice water and placing back down on the table. “Well, yes, I’ve been in producing for a while, but that’s all in… adult films.”

“Adult…?” Margot trailed off, eyes widening.

“Yeah, porn,” I said. “Hardcore porn. I’ve been partnering with some of the big companies, Brazzers, Naughty America, since last year. And I represent most of the talent, too.”

Margot looked shocked and disgusted, face split in a confused scowl.

“That’s, um… Well, I obviously wish I had known that before we agreed to meet,” she said distastefully.

“Well, it’s actually part of what I wanted to talk about…” I began, but she held up a hand.

“Look,” she said, sighing and centering herself before continuing. “I don’t know who you are, kid, or where you came from. I don’t know if this is some kind of… YouTube prank, or something… But whatever you wanted to discuss, I can tell you right now we won’t be moving forward with a business relationship.”

“Oh, just hear me out,” I said, waving away her concerns. “I have some fun ideas.”

Margot rolled her eyes and glanced at the door, then back at me. She’d only just sat down, but I could tell she was contemplating leaving.

“Stay,” I said, holding her gaze. I saw a confused look pass over her face as her eyes locked onto mine and she obeyed instinctively, stiffening in her chair. She sniffed once, the air thick with my heady musk, and she began breathing more heavily, nostrils flaring.

“I don’t… don’t want to hear it,” she said, beautiful blue eyes glittering as she stared into me.

“I think there are some very interesting opportunities for us working together,” I said, leaning in. “Let me tell you something. Did you know that deepfake porn has grown by 250% year-over-year since 2020? Do you know what that is?”

“D-deepfake…?” she stammered.

“Yeah, c’mon, y’know,” I said impatiently. “It’s when someone uses an AI program to put a celebrity’s face onto a porn actress. You should probably know about this stuff, Margot. You’re consistently in the top five or 10 most searched deepfake celebs.”

“Don’t be… gross,” she sneered.

“Well, it’s true,” I said, shrugging. “Now, I’m not in the deepfake business, but I do think there’s an obvious market opportunity there. Porn watchers want to see videos starring some of the world’s biggest Hollywood celebs. Scarlett Johansson, Elizabeth Olson, Sydney Sweeney… you.”

“This is… You should be ashamed of yourself, young man,” she said, shaking her head. “I’m leaving.”

“Sit right there and shut up,” I hissed, and she obeyed compliantly, her eyes wide and fearful. Some diners at nearby tables were glancing over at us, noticing the tension at the table. I overheard their hushed, conspiratorial whispers.

“Is that…?”

“Who is she talking to?”

“Wow, she looks great in person…”

“Who’s the kid? Is he an actor?”

I leaned forward in my seat.

“To me, the solution is obvious,” I said. “Actresses like you could be making your own pornography and reaping all of the profits. There’s a huge market for it, and you already have the production experience. Do you know what some of the big names in porn pull down from subscriptions and production deals? You could make 10 times that, right off the bat. Can you imagine? Margot Robbie’s porn debut? Full penetration hardcore, with a cumshot? Anal? Gangbang? Bukkake? We’d make millions overnight. Maybe more.”

Margot looked like she was going to be sick, quivering in her seat across the table from me.

“You could build your own schedule. Work when you want to work. No more exhausting three-month-long shoots. No more living out of trailers on-location. You can work right here in LA, and you can shoot 50 movies in a week. A year’s worth of work in a week. That’s how all the best do it these days.”

“I would… never…” she murmured, frowning.

“You’ll do whatever I say,” I replied, looking at her with a level gaze. “I’m gonna turn you out like a fucking back-alley whore, Margot. I’m gonna be your pimp, your daddy, your Master… And you’re gonna spend the rest of your life using your body to make *me* money.”

With those words still hanging in the air, Trish sidled up to the table with two dishes covered in silver cloche lids. She set them on the table in front of us. Lifting the cloche from my plate, she revealed a chicken sandwich and fries with a pickle spear on the side. Then, turning to Margot, she lifted the cloche, to reveal…

A soup of festering, curdling, butter-colored ropes of jism, filling a deep salad bowl like a nest of snakes, coiling and curling around each other like gummy worms, glistening and steaming in the open air. My cum, of course, filling the dish like a sickening glop of paste and chowdery, jelly-thick worms. I had prepared for this meal, for this moment, and the satisfaction I felt was immense. Trish smiled at me and then spun on her heels and left the table as Margot stared down in utter shock, her jaw hanging agape.

The beautiful actress looked up at me, disgusted, as she recognized what she was looking at it. Her mouth moved silently, trying to form words, but before a moment had passed I saw the thick scent of my musk wash over her as her face went blank, eyes rolling back in her head as she froze in place. She breathed in deeply and I smiled as she moaned softly to herself.

“Hnnnnggg,” she groaned quietly. “Whoa…”

“That’s it, smell it,” I smiled. Margot was panting across from me, her head hanging down, her eyes locked on the deep dish of fermented, day-old cum ropes I had served her. She huffed, her shoulders shrugging, her whole body shuddering, as the smell of my rancid cum washed over her like the heat from a blast furnace. Her eyelids fluttered as her entire world focused onto that putrid bowl of sperm and cum-gunk.

“It stinks like… fucking shit…” she mumbled.

“We both know what you wanna do, Margot,” I said, sipping my ice water. “Go on. Go ahead.”

She looked up at me despairingly, as if she expected me to help her somehow, to tell her she was free to go. Hope died in her eyes as I stared back at her coldly, and she lowered her gaze once again to the bowl of cum-ropes.

Then, all at once, she reached forward and scooped up a handful of gloopy, quivering cum strands and fed it into her mouth hurriedly, like popcorn, slurping her lips around her fingers and moaning to herself as she chewed and smucked on the dense, flavor-rich, jelly-thick ropes. Her eyes rolled back and she smeared her cum-slathered fingers over her lips and down her chin, groaning mindlessly, like an animal.

Another hand came up and she began scooping loads of my cum into her slack, open mouth, moaning wantonly as she gargled and chewed the ropes, swilling them in her mouth, squishing them between her bared teeth, slurping them up like fat, slippery noodles between her pursed lips, grunting like a pig. Other tables had taken notice, with some diners watching aghast as Margot fed herself with her own slimy, cum-smeared bare hands.

“Is she…?”

“What is that?”

“Do you smell that?”

“What is she eating?”

“Why is she so…?”

“Is that what I… think it is?”

My cock stiffened as I watched a gorgeous movie star feasting cravenly on my cum, and my pants tented and thudded against the underside of the table. Margot was licking her palms, tongue sliding her fingers, mindlessly feeding her thirst for my cream and demolishing her own free will with each passing moment as she took my mind-warping fluids readily, greedily. Cum dripped and drooled down her chin and fell in dollops to her yellow blouse and blazer, staining the fabric.

Moaning as she collected a scoop of thick, heavy cream from the back of her hand, eyes rolling back in pleasure, Margot finally surrendered to base instinct and dipped her head down straight into the bowl in front of her. She slurped and munched on the leftover cream there, slurping up the fat, gelatinous ropes and cum curds like a pig at a trough.

Another beautiful, smart, independent woman became hopelessly addicted to my sperm right before my eyes, her identity melting under a tide of insatiable cum-lust that would dominate the rest of her life. Margot was an untouchable, glamorous, unearthly beauty, but I had changed her destiny. Me, a dumb punk kid.

When she had licked her plate clean and looked up at me with wild, hungry eyes and a thick mask of cum coating her lower face, I knew she was lost beyond all hope.

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Two minutes later I was slamming Margot Robbie up against the wall of a bathroom stall in the back of the restaurant, tearing the yellow blazer down over her arms, baring her naked shoulders. I pulled her blouse up, exposing her toned, tanned midriff and fulsome breasts contained within a lacy, cream-colored bra. I tore it apart impatiently, yanking the cups down, shredding the lace, exposing her blush-pink nipples and the supple, shapely mounds of her breasts.

I dipped my face into her cleavage, grinding against her leg as I feasted on her titflesh, hands working their way around her slim waist to grip her ass. I bit her nipple, making her squeal as I lifted her skirt and helped myself to heaping handfuls of her naked ass-cheeks. Her back arched as she pressed back against me, rubbing against the jutting shape of my cock through my trousers.

Her skin was hot, sizzling against my lips and teeth as I kissed and nipped at her modestly sized breasts. Nowhere near the sheer fantasy size of some recent conquests like Lucy Pinder, Angela White, or even my sister… but the thrill of domination, of conquest, was a high like no other, the moment when Margot was transformed from an unattainable beauty into a sex object, a toy put on Earth for my pleasure. Her tits belonged to *me* now, her body was *mine,* her mind was *mine…*

I let her jelly-soft breastflesh fall from my lips with a wet *pop* and I took her by the shoulders, spinning her and slamming her face first against the wall of the bathroom stall. She whimpered and surrendered, letting me control her, arching her back and sticking her ass out, peering back at me over her shoulder, legs spread in an inviting stance, ready for me.

I fumbled hurriedly with my trousers, unzipping and withdrawing my tumescent, rigid, rock-hard cock. I let it fall with a *thwapp* to her ass-cheek, making it jiggle and wobble, then I slipped a finger under her lacy panties and slipped them to the side, baring her glistening naked pink cunt to my eyes.

Margot twerked for me, making my dick bounce and bobble back and forth on her jiggling ass-cheek.

“Go on, you sick little pervert,” she spat, eyes on my footlong, iron-girder cock. “Put it in me… fuck me up… I just wanna fuck so bad…”

I put my hand on her head and smushed her face against the stall, guiding my prick down into the cleft of her ass-crack. My swollen, bloated cock-head was drooling a heavy stream of fresh pre-cum on her tanned ass, and it belched up a mini-load onto the exposed rosebud of her asshole as I passed over it, making her squeal and squirm with pleasure as the sensitizing chemicals in my cum set her nerve endings on fire.

I decided right then and there I would fuck her ass, and I braced myself, readying my stance before driving my hips forward, piercing into her. She yelled out in surprise, not expecting the anal penetration, and she tried to shimmy forward, escaping my invading length. I pinned her against the stall, flattening her body against mine, and drove my cock upward, sinking deep into her clenching asshole, making her fart loudly, shamefully as I entered.

Margot moaned and sobbed as I held her by the shoulders and began thrusting, my pelvis slapping into her jostling ass cheeks with a *plapp plapp plapp plapp* as I developed a quickening rhythm. My cock spurted and spit searing hot pre-cum loads inside her, painting her rectum, lubricating my thrusting shaft, making lewd and squishy squelching sounds as I raped her ass. Every thrust inwards drew a tiny, squeaking fart from Margot’s vise-grip-tight asshole as her whole body tensed.

I grasped her hair, gathering that luscious blonde mane in one fist and holding it like the reins of a horse, yanking her head to one side and dipping in to kiss and bite the nape of her neck as I fucked her ass ruthlessly.

“Ooouuuh, daddy,” she moaned lustfully as I dominated her. “Ooh, Jesus *shit…”*

The stall shook and rattled as I fucked her against it again and again, driving powerfully up into her ass, enjoying the cinching tightness on my rampaging prick, the depraved moans I drew from my new movie-star slave-slut. My heavy balls were bouncing and gurgling happily as I raced toward orgasm, not caring to delay it, enjoying the moment, savoring Margot’s swift downfall.

“You’ll be the first, Margot,” I hissed in her ear. “With you as my slave, it’ll be so easy to lure in others… Any woman I want… An endless parade of sluts to fuel my porn empire…”

“Y-yess… Master,” she grunted dumbly, climaxing in rapid-fire bursts as my cock ignited fires inside her that only my cum could quench.

I surged and hilted myself deeply, spearing up into her guts, my diamond-hard prick expanding and swelling before blowing the first fat load of boiling-hot, chowder-thick

sperm up into her colon.

Margot whined and quaked as I held her against the wall, nibbling her earlobe, emptying my nuts into her ass. The feeling was a savage high, a sustained plateau of pleasure as I pissed endless ropes inside her, one steaming jet melding into the next, a muffled *spluuuooorrrrtt* emanating from within her slim body with each burst. The burbling feeling of heat was intense as I pumped her ass full of countless buttery, searing jets of cum, and she thrashed in my arms as machine-gun climaxes ripped through her body, rewriting her brain chemistry to make her subservient, bonding her to me like a baby bird, imprinting my will onto hers.

She groaned and shuddered and I felt her stomach bulge as I pissed piping-hot spunk into her, a long, low *spluuuurrrshhhhh* as I unloaded so much cream that I knew it must be filling her intestines, flooding up into her belly. She quaked, drooling on herself, hands cradling her distended stomach as she developed a perversely pregnant look, her belly churning and swelling with my seed. I held her in place as her ass spewed streams of pressurized cum back over my embedded shaft and swollen, twitching balls, erupting with excess jism even as I filled her body up like a water balloon.

Margot started spasming and gagging, a strained, gurgling sound, and I held her head to the wall and kept pumping cum into her, pinning her against the stall as I rode wave after wave of triumphant climax, savoring this moment of total debasement.

The beautiful blonde actress looked back into my eyes frantically as I heard her burp and lock her lips closed, her cheeks suddenly swelling and ballooning like a chipmunk's. Thick, white cream oozed forth from between her tightly pursed lips, and as she hiccuped, twin streams burst forth from her nostrils. Her cheeks were comically inflated, and I knew that my cum was boiling up from her over-stuffed stomach, rising up her throat and filling her mouth. I had pumped her completely full, giving the bitch more than she could possibly hope to handle.

She twitched and shrugged, putting a hand over her mouth to try to contain it all, but she was fighting a losing battle and all at once she erupted, vomiting great gouts of steaming-hot semen all over the stall interior. I aimed her face away from me and let her unload, groaning and gurgling pathetically as she hitched over and over again, spewing clumpy, curdled, jelly-thick loads of sperm from between her lips. As she retched, the force of her vomiting was so great that it felt I was cumming directly through her body, great gouts ands spurts of my cream decorating the stall interior.

When I sank into her one final time, squeezing out a last few semi-solid cum curds with a satisfied hiss, Margot drooled thick, rich white jism heavily down her chin, onto her blouse and tits, and then slumped in my arms, exhausted and drained. I held her against the wall and pried my cock out of her clutching, tight asshole. The ridge of my flared cockhead caught on the tight ring of her sphincter then *popped* out with a sound like a bottle of champagne being uncorked, followed by a pressurized spray of my own cum.

I smacked Margot's ass with the heavy, cum-slick, softening length of my penis, leaving dollops of cream on her tanned cheeks as she moaned and grunted drowsily with each *thwapp.* As I released her arms, she collapsed instantly to her knees on the floor, leaving a trail of my cum down the interior wall of the toilet stall. She knelt, leaning against the wall, her gaping, prolapsed asshole farting and sputtering as she shit an unending torrent of clumpy, butter-colored cum out over the floor.

I tucked my cock back in my pants, looking down at the disgraced and defiled movie star. She was still beautiful, even with tracks of mascara running down her flushed cheeks and a mind-fucked, dead-eyed expression plastered on her catatonic face, cum still gurgling up out of her throat and drooling down her chin. I opened the stall door and headed out to wash my hands.

Chapter 27:
Prelude

With Margot Robbie in the fold, my plans in Hollywood began to accelerate. The star and producer of *Barbie* — a billion-dollar blockbuster — was perceived to have a golden touch, and every young actress and aspiring starlet wanted to work with her. There was no one that wouldn't take our calls, and by extension no one we couldn't ensnare in my growing web.

For me, this wouldn't just be about fucking some exceptional pieces of ass — I was obsessed now with the depravity and subversion I could bring to bear on these hapless starlets. I decided I was going to change show business forever, merging my empires — porn, modeling, and now Hollywood — into one monolithic enterprise. I saw a perverse future where film stars were porn stars and vice versa, all of them simultaneously selling their bodies as whores on a nationwide network that I alone controlled and profited from.

Stef and I had grown even closer in the last few weeks, our minds seemingly melding into one, my will and desire flowing through her. Even as more and more beautiful women fell before me, Stef tied me back to some semblance of reality, of my identity before the Agenda.

My vivid dreams, my visions, my fantasies, and my waking life seemed to be converging into one singularity. As Stef manifested lactation and pheromone powers that mimicked my own, I too had developed a higher sense of vision, a sort of telepathic rapport with my sister that I felt even when we were separated. I felt more powerful, more sure of myself than ever, even as my actions took me down a road of ever-increasing perversion.

Stef and I had decided on our next target. Margot had already begun filming porn scenes and had adapted to her new life very well, but we were ready to bring in fresh talent.

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Sydney Sweeney had become Hollywood's hottest sex bomb over the past few years, rising from relative obscurity to prominence in big-ticket rom-coms. The blonde, busty 26-year-old had garnered attention for her performance on the HBO series "Euphoria," in which she played a prototypical high school "hot girl" that reminded me of my early conquests like Alana. Sydney had developed notoriety for her topless scenes, which exposed her gorgeous, plump, fulsome GG-cup breasts and made her a household name and an Internet celebrity.

Consciously embracing this salacious notoriety and personal branding, Sydney had parlayed her status as a jerk-off fantasy into a series of increasingly prominent roles that were developing her from a low-level supporting TV actress into a legitimate movie star, very much in the same mold as Margot, who had built a solid enterprise on the unstable foundations of B-grade superhero flicks and raw sex appeal.

So it was easy, with a few arranged phone calls from Margot and her production company, to bring Sydney in for a conversation and a casual audition for a vague "upcoming project."

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Stef and I had moved on from the Casa Bella condo complex, which was now almost entirely used as housing for my prodigious harem stable. I didn't like visiting there — the attention from my whores was something like worshipful reverence for a messiah, as they flocked to me seeking my attention, craving my cum, shamelessly offering themselves to me. Familiar faces like Madison and Alana, who had once been the height of my personal fantasies, now bore the tired, world-weary countenance of well-used whores, and I could see in their eyes the acknowledgment that they'd been discarded, set aside as I moved on to sample new and greater delights. I preferred not to think about them at all, if possible.

I now resided part-time in NYC in a penthouse at the Bedford Towers, part-time in Miami at a beachfront chateau, and part-time in LA, in a sprawling $45 million mansion in the Hollywood Hills.

The mansion was where I woke on the day of Sydney's audition, my cock stiff and iron-hard, tenting the silk sheets as I lay with Stef kneeling between my legs. She was crouched on all fours, her breath on my thighs as she slowly pulled the sheets away from my looming, upright prick, jutting upward from my pelvis like a sundial. She locked her lascivious gaze on my pulsing prick, and I yearned for her to reach forward, to trap my cock between her massive tits, or else feel her tongue explore the head. Instead, she merely leaned slightly forward, resting her chin on her hands, watching me, watching her.

Stef knew how to tease me, and I knew how to tease her, but today was different. My sister and I had conceived of an experiment, a prelude to the more practical work of

converting and subverting Sydney. Stef needed a sizeable sample of my pre-cum — the spunk that super-sensitizes girl flesh and implants a deep need for cock, like an itch that simply must be scratched.

The sight was hugely erotic. Stefanie's pendulous tits hung down, crushed into the sheets, and past the cascade of fiery red hair I could see her perfectly formed back, the rise of her delicious buttocks and then the expanse of her legs below. I drifted into consciousness, my mind still flickering with images of dreams, of women, of sex… The promise, the thrill of domination to come. Emma… I had dreamed of Emma Frost. And Jean Grey, the one called Phoenix. They were in my dreams nearly every night now.

My cock was on the threshold already, quivering and trembling like an active volcano, on the verge of giving up the first ropes of pre-cum mess I knew Stef desired. I was close, so close, anxious to take Stef and fuck her, to meld with her, for our bodies to become one. We hadn't touched each other since the night in my NYC condo when I had fucked a dozen models into oblivion and only Stef had been able to tamper down my super-charged libidinal rage. I felt a deep urge to be inside of my sister at that moment… but I knew I had to play her game until she had what she wanted. Then, and only then, would I remind her why she still called me "Master."

The wait was excruciating… but finally I sensed her about to begin as her tongue left her mouth, moistening her pink, pouting lips, before they formed a small 'O.' She got the pre-cum she so desired by simply blowing over the exposed, beet-red head of my glans, strangled by a fleshy sheathe of foreskin. I crossed the threshold of arousal and pulses of clumpy, sperm-tinged, syrup-thick pre-cum began pouring from the slit, burping and belching as rivulets ran down the turgid length of my vein-riddled cock.

Bittersweet feelings of release and pent-up lust coursed through me as I continued issuing forth the precious cream. Stef finally reached forward with her hands, producing a Magnum XXL-sized condom package. She ripped it open with a smile and shuffled the wide latex ring out, then slipped it over the fat head of my cock, circling her thumb and index finger and pushing down, down, unraveling the thin rubber until she reached the base of my shaft, toying with me, rubbing slowly, agonizingly.

"How does this feel?" she asked with a forced innocence, smiling at the strained expression on my face.

"Mmmh… too slow," I replied, my cock aching for more friction, the tip of the condom starting to expand as my pre-cum oozed forth into the reservoir.

"No, it's just right," Stef purred, slowing the rubbing, teasing me still further. I wouldn't be able to take much more of this before I raped the bitch. "You see, if I give you more, we'll have that nasty white cum of yours, and I don't think Sydney is ready for that… not yet."

"Gonna f-fuck you *hard* for this, bitch!" I hissed, hearing the pathetic desperation in my own voice even as I said it.

“Oooh, I hope so, brother, I really do. I know exactly how this must feel for you. But I guarantee it’ll all be worth it.”

Stef’s eyes were locked on the inflating head of the condom as it swelled, my pre-cum burbling forth readily in jets and spurts. The bulbous reservoir tip hung heavily from the end of my jutting shaft, drooping further and further as it grew fatter and fatter, loaded with my pre-nut.

My sister danced on a dangerous line. So far, she had been successful in heightening my arousal, keeping me on the edge, my body still pumping out the pre-cum I used to prime my sluts for my pleasure, but soon I would move on to ejaculating my full, sperm-rich, super-dense cream-loads — the nearly-solid cum gunk brewed in my balls in copious amounts, which I used to bring about the mental and physical bonding of slave to master.

Just looking at Stef brought on the urges to leak that cum right now, and I fought the powerful lusts with every inch of my will. It was not easy — Stef’s body was on display before me, naked and ready for sex. I noticed her breasts dribbling milk into the sheets, her nipple buds aroused and engorged, two wet spots forming under the crushing weight of her enormous tits. I knew she was just as turned on as I was, just as excited for the tasks that awaited her…. And the resultant wrath I would fuck into her in exchange for this necessary teasing.

The rubber-ringed base of the condom began to slip up my shaft as I poured more and more pre-cum into it, inflating the tip to an unbelievable degree, until Stef had to cradle it in one palm to keep the sloshing, bulbous balloon from stretching too far and tearing. More and more, as the condom slipped further up until the ring was caught just behind the flared ridge at the base of my glans, the entire condom now pregnant with a liter or more of thick, creamy pre-spunk.

Stef smiled sweetly as she pinched the tip and slid it off my cockhead with a little *blupp.* She swiftly and delicately tied off the open end of the condom, then held the hefty, over-stuffed mass in one hand, cooing at its weight and warmth. It bulged and oozed over her fingers and she set it gingerly aside amid the sheets, a thin-skinned, melon-sized water balloon full of my cream.

She hadn’t spilled a drop, but my cock was still burping and drooling an incessant river of pre-nut, cascading down my shaft, dripping over my swollen nutsack, staining the sheets below. My sister smiled up at me, knowing what was about to happen to her.

“Use me,” she whispered, rising up onto her knees, thrusting out her engorged, milk-leaking mammaries towards me. My hands rose to meet them, kneading them violently, pinching the nipples, drawing whimpers from Stef as my cock started dribbling the thicker white cum that signaled my approaching, true orgasm.

I caressed and explored her massive, heaving tits, milking her, working her breasts to

coax out more cream, feeling it spurt and sputter into my hands, coating my fingers. She shut her eyes tightly and trembled beneath my hands as I raised one breast to my lips and drank from her like a man stranded in the desert, dying of thirst, tilting a gourd of precious water into his parched mouth. Her milk was sweet, thick, and rich, and I moaned at the taste, chewing more of her yielding breastflesh into my mouth, pulling her towards me. My tongue flicked her nipple and she tensed as she came, heavy spurts of milk blasting into my slurping, sucking, thirsty mouth.

Her hands slid downward, between my legs, one milking my turgid cock while the other caressed the underside of my bloated scrotum. I moaned into her titflesh, Stefanie feeding me first one breast then the other in turn, and I nursed from her happily, eagerly. With each pull on my cock, a flume of white jism shot out, coating her stomach and slowly leaking down to cover her snatch.

“Good, Miles, very good,” she hissed, hips gyrating and grinding against my thigh as I spurted heavy cream onto her. “I’m surprised you didn’t just say ‘fuck it’ and rape me there and then. To be honest, I wish you had…”

“Oh, really?” I replied, detaching from her heaving, jelly-soft tit. “Maybe I’ve got more self-control than you thought.”

“Or maybe you’ve forgotten what you really are,” she breathed, pressing herself against me, squashing her fat tits into my face and chest. “Maybe you’ve gotten distracted fucking all these model sluts… and lost sight of the plan. The Agenda.”

“I know what I am,” I said defensively, tensing as her fingers stroked up and down my iron-hard shaft.

“Then you know… we can never stop… Nothing can stand in our way… Until we have… everything we ever dreamed,” she hissed, pumping hard on my prick as we stared into each other’s eyes. “Together…”

With that she dived down onto my cock, her mouth enveloping the bulbous head. The euphoria was instant, overwhelming, as she sucked hard, slurping noisily on the glans. I let myself cross the line and burst in the back of her throat, firing jelly-thick salvos of hot cum that made my sister gurgle and moan, her cheeks quickly inflating with my load. Twin streamers burst from her nostrils as she swallowed desperately, but against my vast stores of jism, even a talented spunk-swallower like Stef stood no chance. Cum exploded from between her lips, vomiting down over my shaft and pooling around my bloated nutsack.

I sank my hand into her fiery red hair, yanking her up off my shaft. She went limp as she disengaged, her lips clinging desperately to my turgid length before popping off, her eyes blank and expressionless as she rode the high of pleasure she gained from drinking my cream. I flipped her onto her back, her body moving bonelessly as I directed her to the side. Then I straddled her, mounting her and guiding my cock toward her cunt, the prick-head spasming and spewing plume after plume of spunk all the while,

painting her flat stomach with fat white lines. I positioned the spongy, angry glans at her pussy lips and then sank forward, spearing her deeply, both of us gasping as one.

I fucked her savagely, savoring the friction I gained from the lining of her pussy walls, her body built to please me. My mirror, my counterpart, my twin. The feeling was electric, my cock embedded into her like a plug in a socket, the ecstasy of sex amplified a thousandfold as our minds connected, our rapport growing ever stronger. There was some telepathic element of my powers, I now understood, a secondary stage of the mutation that had begun on that morning not so long ago, when I woke to find my covers stuffed with an ungodly nocturnal discharge. I could see Stef's mind as I thrust into her, I could see through her eyes, and as I reached out with my powers I could see the minds of my other slaves as well, like pinpricks of light in a dark night sky.

"Yes, Master! Fuck me, Master!" Stefanie squealed as I pounded into her, holding her by her head and surging deeply into her grasping cunt. "Deeper! Harder! Faster! Yesssss!!"

I bit down hard on her titflesh as I reached the zenith of my orgasm, bringing her to the same level of rapture as the abuse of her hyper-sensitive, lactating breasts gave her the sexual release she craved. She hissed in release as my chowder-thick jism oozed from her cunt and down the juncture of her legs as I sank one final time into her, hilting myself, pissing an unending beam of cum into her womb.

"You're a fucking god, Miles," she said, looking up at me earnestly as we both panted, basking in the sustained ecstasy of a perfect climax. "Never forget that."

I collapsed onto her, her titties squashing beneath my chest, and we lay together, bodies entwined, as my cock belched ever more loads into her hungry cunt.

Chapter 28:
Sydney Sweeney: Blacked

After getting showered and redressed, Stefanie relocated to our new "offices," a floor we'd rented in a glass-and-steel tower in Downtown LA as a front for the production company that now managed both the porn business and our more… legitimate enterprises. Stef had time to get prepped before welcoming our guest. Exercising my newfound powers to their limit, I found I was able to "tag along" inside Stef's head, following her telepathically, seeing through her eyes, observing the proceedings.

Meanwhile, I didn't have to leave the comfort of my expansive mansion, and I summoned one of my new sluts — a British glamour model named Holly Peers — to service me with her mouth while I re-established my psychic rapport with my sister, even from miles away. Holly knelt on the floor as I sat at the desk chair in my office. I opened my pants and leaned back, and the former model leaned forward eagerly to take my snakelike length in hand.

Stef was waiting by the elevators in the lobby when they dinged and the doors opened

to reveal our prey — Sydney Sweeney. The 26-year-old actress was stunning in person, her body full and voluptuous, her face sweet and elfin, eyes heavy-lidded and sensual, pink lips pouting and shapely, dirty blonde hair falling around her face and cascading over her shoulders. She wore a billowing floral blouse that was low-cut in the front, proudly displaying her heavy, prominent GG-cup breasts, a deep cleavage and even a hint of the sky-blue lace of a bra cup. Tattered and faded cut-off jean shorts displayed her legs, her buttermilk skin turned a healthy shade of tan by the California sun.

My cock stiffened as I saw her and I heard Holly moan appreciatively as she jerked me off and kissed my dicktip in adoration. Likewise I felt Stefanie's own thrill as she beheld this stunning young actress — 10 years older than either of us, in the prime of her 20s, a perfect specimen. I noticed Sydney's eyes linger on Stef's own body as they shook hands, comparing their figures, their cup sizes.

"Thank you so much for coming in today, Sydney," Stef said. "Can I get you any refreshments? Coffee, tea, water?"

"No thanks," Sydney said, adjusting her shoulder bag and glancing around the sparsely decorated office. "So you're… Margot's new assistant?"

"That's right," Stef said, smiling broadly. "Margot's running a little late, but she's so excited to work with you on this project."

"Yeah, what exactly is it? She was pretty… vague on the phone," Sydney said, cocking an eyebrow.

"Well, why don't I just take you into the back and you can meet some of the other faces involved?" Stef asked innocently. "They can explain it better than I can, I'm sure."

"Oh, there are… other…?"

"Yup!" Stef chirped, and then abruptly spun on her heels and guided Sydney down a hallway.

Stef opened an unmarked door and ushered Sydney into a windowless room. The young actress stepped in hesitantly, eyeing her surroundings.

The room was blank, with white walls and minimal decorations — a potted fern in one corner, a bulky desk, a video camera on a tripod, and a dark couch against the far wall. On the couch sat a hulking, muscular black man with a shaved head and a full beard. His thick lips split in a gap-toothed grin as Sydney entered, his dark eyes following her. He wore a simple white sleeveless T and baggy track pants, and his arms and chest were covered with tattoos — spider-webs, guns, names in florid calligraphic script, a full-body pin-up on one forearm of a naked woman with huge tits and an even bigger afro. The words "Hard Nigga Hard World" adorned his collarbone in a stark Gothic font.

"Oh, uh…" Sydney hesitated, suddenly alert, sensing the trap like a deer in the woods

hearing a hunter drawing his aim down a rifle scope.

“Sydney, this is D’Shawn,” Stef said casually, walking over to the desk, where a sizable plastic squeeze bottle stood, full of a cloudy, milky fluid. “He’ll be one of your co-stars on the project. Margot was so excited for you two to meet.”

“O-kay…” Sydney said, shifting nervously. The mention of Margot’s name tempered some of her suspicion and she visibly suppressed her obvious prejudice and natural aversion to D’Shawn, his threatening, thug-like demeanor and intimidating physical presence dominating the room.

“Wassup, girl,” he said in a deep, rumbling voice, eyes running up and down her body.

“Hi,” she squeaked, glancing nervously around. “So, uh… what kind of project was this again?”

D’Shawn chuckled but said nothing. Stef plucked the squeeze bottle up off the desk and walked over toward Sydney, then shut the office door behind her.

“Well,” Stef began, slowly circling the gorgeous blonde actress. “Margot has really been wanting to work with you, Sydney. And she found a project she thinks you’re just… perfect for. See, Margot’s been really into more… experimental stuff recently. *Avant-garde*, y’know? She thinks that’s the future of movies.”

“Experimental?” Sydney swallowed apprehensively. “Meaning…?”

Sydney smiled.

“Well, you’ve done some rom-coms, right? It’s sorta like that. But more… stripped down. Low-budget. Gonzo-type stuff. Very physical. Have you heard of the *Blacked* series of films?”

“N-no…” Sydney said slowly, a perplexed look on her face.

“That’s okay,” Stef replied cheerily. “You’ll get it, I’m sure. I mean, I can tell already you’re a natural.”

“Hold on, hold on,” Sydney said, backing away slightly from Stef. “What exactly is this? Where’s Margot? Is this an audition, or…?”

“Oh, no, honey,” Stef said. “This is your debut feature.”

With that, she held out the bottle and squeezed, squirting a jet of my distilled pre-cum over Sydney’s beautiful, famous face. The actress jolted and flinched backward, cinching her eyes tight and scowling.

“Euuughhh! What the fuck?” she cried, hands coming up to wipe the slimy, clumpy fluid

out of her eyes. It had lost some residual warmth, but the smell was still sharp and tangy, stinging Stef's nostrils, and I knew the effect it would have on the uninitiated actress. Even as she tried to clean her face off, her tongue was snaking out from between her lovely lips, sampling the gift instinctually, tasting it. It was already too late — the super-absorbing fluids would begin to enter her system, corrupting her from the inside.

Even as she dredged the lines of pre-spunk off her cheeks, Sydney was already starting to feed my fluids back into her mouth — licking her fingers, slurping the streaks and ropes out of her palm, unable to resist.

"What the hell… *is* that?" she asked, looking up with confused eyes. She backed away from Stefanie, cheeks flushing hot pink, as she willed herself to stop eating my cream, locking her arms at her side. She had the look of a cornered animal, a tiger in a cage, her wide-set, doe-like blue eyes flashing with panic.

D'Shawn stood from the couch and approached the two girls. He was a massive man, well over six feet, and as he drew closer there was a faint musky, sweaty smell about him. He was looking Sydney up and down, grinning, and he shot an appreciative glance toward Stefanie as well. My sister exuded a natural, primal sexual appeal, and it would be impossible for a man like D'Shawn not to notice it. But this had all been prearranged, and he knew what was expected of him… and what had been promised to him.

He sidled up to Sydney, dwarfing her. Her head rose only as high as his bulging pectoral muscles, straining against the thin white fabric of his wife-beater. She looked up at him like a climber considering a sheer cliff-face, dawning dread creeping across her beautiful features as his shadow fell over her. She was still tonguing her lips nervously, collecting left-over dregs of my pre-cum as the bulky black man cornered her. Stef retreated, positioning herself behind the tripod and turning the camera on.

"Sup?" D'Shawn asked, his booming voice seeming to make Sydney's entire body tremble as she cowered away from his imposing form.

"Maybe you'd like to know a little more about your co-star, Syd," Stef said hotly. "D'Shawn just got done serving a 15-year bit at Pelican Bay State Prison, one of the worst supermax prisons in the state of California. He's only been back out on the streets a couple days, and he needs gainful employment."

"W-what… what were you in jail for?" Sydney asked in a mousy, tiny voice.

"Raped a bitch," he grunted without hesitation, eyes dark.

"Jesus Christ," Sydney breathed.

"They only pinned one charge on me though," he said, smirking. "DA knew how many I really done, I wouldn't never got out."

His massive, dinner-plate-sized hand came up, the rough brown skin cupping Sydney's sweet face. One massive, thick thumb swept across her lips, making her shiver and pull away.

"Okay, that's… that's enough," the actress said, trying to assert herself. "I'm not… I'm getting out of here. This isn't what I thought I was…"

She tried to slip past D'Shawn but he caught her, one hand encircling her upper arm easily, jerking her back.

"Hey! Stop! Let go!" she cried, trying in vain to wrest her arm out of his iron grip. She pounded on his chest with the flat of her hand, finding his densely muscled body harder than carved marble, and completely immobile. The ex-con raised one huge hand and slapped Sydney hard across the face.

SMAKK!!

The actress' knees gave out instantly and she would have collapsed on the spot if D'Shawn hadn't already been holding her up. She struggled to find her feet as Stef stepped forward, bottle in hand.

"Now now, D'Shawn," she chided, tutting and wagging a finger. "You know the agreement."

"I know I been locked in a fuckin' cage for fifteen years dreamin' bout gettin' me some pussy again," he growled. "And I know I want dis bitch right here!"

"Yes, but we play by the rules," Stef said calmly, soothing the larger man. "I don't want Sydney here doing anything against her will… She's got to want it. She's got to *ask for it.* It'll be my job… to make sure that she does."

Stef flipped the bottle and squirted a jet of my pre-cum into her palm, coating her fingers before reaching forward and rubbing the juices all over Sydney's lips, prodding into her mouth and rubbing more of the lust-inducing aphrodisiac onto the tip of her tongue. The actress' response was immediate.

"It… burns!" she wailed, trying to twist away from my sister's questing fingers. "My m-mouth… on fire!"

Her tongue crept back out to lick up the cream, her hands coming up to wipe it off, but it was far too late by now.

"Show her that monster cock, D'Shawn," Stef ordered, stepping back. "I think Sydney is quite hungry… make that ravenous!"

Sydney whimpered in fear as the convicted rapist dropped his track pants in front of her, pulling out a huge, fat, veiny length of uncircumcised cock. The head was completely

shrouded in a fleshy foreskin, the puckered tip visibly ringed in putrid, yellowy smegma. D'Shawn began to jack his floppy donkey dick, fisting it into full erection within moments, right before her eyes, pulling back his foreskin to reveal a cock-head caked with flecks and globs of rancid, stinking dick-cheese. Sydney gagged at the smell, covering her mouth as she nearly retched into her own hand, the noxious, garbage-like scent of unwashed cock wafting up into her face.

"Please, don't do this," Sydney pleaded, turning toward Stef, who had retreated behind the camera once again. "I have… a fiancé… I love him…"

"Ooh, that's good, I love that angle for this story," Stef said, grinning. "Cheating slut cucks her fiancé with big, black cock!"

"Y-you're insane," Sydney gasped, as the ex-con jacked his dick right in front of her. "Please… my m-mouth… the burning!"

"Give into it, Sydney," Stef hissed. "I think we both know how you put the fire out."

D'Shawn stood, looming over her, his footlong black cock jutting out in front of him as he fisted it, just inches away from Sydney's trembling body. With his other hand he applied the gentlest pressure to her shoulders, pushing her down, and Stef and I both smiled as one as she slumped down onto her knees quickly, her pouting lips now not more than a few inches away from the stinking, rancid, filthy black cock-head in front of her.

"Suck it you fucking white ho," D'Shawn growled, waving his cock like a magic wand, drumming Sydney in the cheeks with his smegma-flecked prick-head as she tried to turn her head to avoid it.

"Yes, suck it, Sydney," Stef hissed from behind the camera. She watched the actress lick her lips, pursing them, wracking her body with the promise of release from the terrible burning.

Sydney edged closer, her eyelids fluttering as she breathed in the rank odor of D'Shawn's cock, the aroma only adding to the heady feelings coursing through her mind and body. Her lips parted and her tongue began to snake out, slowly approaching the filthy dickhead in front of her. I knew that for her, the burning was replaced by a feeling of sheer satisfaction as the tip of her tongue finally made contact with his spongy, sperm-encrusted, helmet-shaped glans.

She moaned aloud, her eyes rolling back in her head as her tongue slathered all over the fist-sized cock-head, the feelings she experienced just from this tiny contact blowing her mind.

"Shit… Yeah… Yeah!" D'Shawn hooted.

"Need… cock…" Sydney mumbled, eyes locked on the footlong shaft, her hand coming up slowly to cup and massage one of his massive, hairy black testicles.

Eagerly, her tongue shot out and began a more thorough exploration of the convict's cock-head, licking into the slit and bringing her burning lips to bear against the shaft, taking the glans into her mouth and sucking ferociously as pre-cum oozed from the head.

Stef approached again, kneeling behind Sydney, and brought the squirt bottle up, daubing Sydney's cheeks with it. The tortured actress squealed at the new burning sensations and pulled the spit-slathered prick out of her mouth before rubbing it over the affected areas, giving into the feelings even as her soul screamed out in despair, her face a mask of desperation.

"Gonna fuck you good, you white bitch!" D'Shawn crowed. "Fuck yo cunt! Fuck yo white titties! Hell yeah!"

Sydney learned fast that more tongue work on the base and underside of the black dick-head gave her more pre-cum, and she soon adapted to a regular rhythm, bathing his shaft in spit as she let him force his length into the back of her mouth.

"I dreamed of this shit, babygirl," the hulking black man growled, pumping his fist up and down his shaft even as she slurped on the tip. "I been savin' up this load all for you… Fifteen years, all for you, bitch!"

Sydney gasped as she felt the thick tool spasm in her mouth, pulse after pulse of thick, warm cream coating the roof of her oral cavity. She pulled back quickly but Stef caught her head, jerking her face up by the chin as more streams of curdled, backed-up, butter-colored jism landed on her famous features, forming a sick white criss-cross over her nose, cheeks, eyes and chin. It was nothing like the volume or consistency of one of my ejaculations, but for a regular man it was quite impressive.

The actress felt the burning abate as the cum soaked her skin and moaned despite herself, rubbing her on-fire mouth over the ejaculating slit, drawing a gasp from D'Shawn as more cream shot straight onto her pursed, pink lips. She shuddered and groaned as the sensation of this vile rapist ex-con blasting his backed-up nut load onto her lips gave her sudden relief from the burning, and she savored each burst, each fountaining rope.

When it was over and his orgasm had subsided, a look of sudden revulsion swept over Sydney's face and her eyes glimmered wetly as she realized what she had done. She looked over nervously at the camera trained on her, the red light glaring into her soul, and her lips trembled as she tried to hold back the tears.

She slumped backwards defeatedly, sinking into Stefanie's cradling arms, and my sister held her gently, alternately stroking her hair to comfort her and rubbing the thick cum into her face. Both D'Shawn and Stefanie watched intently as a solitary drop of cum traveled the length of Sydney's beautiful face, falling from her chin and disappearing into her exposed cleavage. Stef licked her lips as she leaned forward and slowly began

to pull the floral blouse away from Sydney's shoulders.

"Yeah, show me dem titties," D'Shawn demanded, hand returning to his cock, pulling it back into erection with a savage fisting action. "Gonna fuck 'em good… Already got another nut ready to bust… I been backed up fo' *years* waitin' for dis shit!"

Sydney's eyes were wet and red and lined with smeared mascara, giving her the look of a raccoon, but she sat still and allowed Stefanie to slowly unclothe her, the billowing blouse falling away, yielding her fabulous tits to her rapist's rabid gaze, constrained within a lacy, sky-blue designer bra.

As I watched this all transpire through my sister's eyes, I thrilled to the sight of Sydney's famous breasts being exposed. I reached forward, gathering my slut Holly's chestnut hair in my fist and driving her face down onto my rigid prick, spearing her face brutally, making her gag and heave as I took my sexual gratification, feeding the dark lusts that coursed through my body, the lusts that were transforming Sydney Sweeney into a hardcore interracial porn star right before our eyes.

"Dayumm," D'Shawn said in wonderment as he took in the sight of Sydney's bra-encased cleavage. "Big ol' white titties… Sheeit, they can't be real… is they?"

Sydney ignored the question, quietly sobbing to herself until Stefanie grabbed a handful of her blonde hair, brutally pulling her head back.

"Answer him, slut!"

"Y-yes… it's all natural," Sydney confirmed, looking self-consciously down at her breasts.

D'Shawn gathered Sydney's hair, taking her from Stef's clutches and lifting her into the air weightlessly, like a doll. Sydney squirmed and writhed in his grasp as he pulled her up, her petite body struggling against his overpowering strength and granite-hard bulk.

The massive black man slipped his sausage-thick fingers under her bra strap and ripped it away rudely, making Sydney yelp and squeal as he bared her naked tits, her pale pink nipples and areolas bursting free of their confines, her breasts oozing out as the sky-blue bra was shredded and torn from her body. He caught one tit as it plopped out heavily into his palm, flesh pouring between his fingers. He squeezed and delighted in the way she whined, feeling up the famous actress with lascivious glee.

The ex-con squeezed her tits together, marveling at the beautiful canyon of cleavage he formed, then he pulled her up, a look of savage, crazed lust in his eyes meeting her own fearful gaze. He cupped one tit with his gargantuan hand, running his thumb across her nipple before pinching it brutally, Sydney barely containing a yelp of pain. The big black man tipped his head forward, Sydney desperate to pull away as he literally drooled onto her cleavage, foamy spit splattering over her deep cleavage.

“Be brave,” he hissed, lowering his head and burying his face in her breasts, seeking out one nipple with his hand while his thick lips closed in on the other, sucking deeply on the little bud, covering it with his thick, slimy saliva, his tongue dancing around it. Sydney was unable to stop her nipples slowly growing erect under the confident ministrations of the rapist and he noticed, diving in deeper, sucking in the other nipple, kneading and pulling the other, the treatment getting more brutal with each passing second, the air alive with the sound of sucking, slurping and occasional gasps from between Sydney’s gritted teeth.

D’Shawn reveled in the titflesh available, feeding on his prey’s mixture of arousal and terror. He opened his mouth wide, sucking up most of Sydney’s fat GG-cup titty, biting and chewing it, squeezing the other jelly-soft breast viciously as he heard the actress’ screams of pain. His cock grew harder than ever, jutting out below as Sydney’s legs kicked helplessly, suspended in the air as she was molested and nursed on like a sex doll.

He could feel her trying to pull away and bit down hard into her titflesh, digging deep with his teeth before returning to sucking her nipples, spitting out one breast, leaving it entirely coated in his foamy spittle. Sydney’s tits were covered in deep, bloody bite marks and the con snickered to himself at the savage goring. He noted with pride that her nipples were in a state of full arousal and this sent the black man crazy, drool literally spilling from the sides of his mouth. He dropped Sydney and she collapsed unceremoniously before him in a heap.

Before she could scurry away, my sister was on her, aiming the squirt bottle down over her tits and squeezing hard, blasting into her cleavage with a fresh coating of my sensitizing pre-cum. The results were instant and remarkable.

“Jesus… my fucking tits!” Sydney squealed, rising up as far as possible on her knees to bring her mammaries level with D’Shawn’s cock, hefting them with her hands and gathering them, squeezing them together, crushing them against one another in an attempt to suppress the sudden, maddening burning as her nerve endings were set ablaze by my fluids.

“You know what you have to do, Sydney,” Stefanie spat. “Do it!”

D’Shawn looked down into the bottomless canyon of cleavage, jacking himself slowly, triumphantly.

“You gotta fuck my titties,” Sydney breathed, gazing up at D’Shawn with tears streaking down her face. “Come on… do it…. Fuck them babies… I’ll go insane if you don’t… Give me your fucking jizz you big black fucker!”

I smiled along with Stefanie as we savored the sweet moment of total debasement, where the needs of the body annihilate all good common sense — the urge to fuck superseding all others, my pheromone chemicals driving another hapless actress out of her mind for good.

D’Shawn, of course, was eager to comply, instantly stepping forward to bury his fat, greasy cock in the inviting cleavage, the sound of his hips slapping against Sydney’s fat tits repeatedly as he held her by the shoulders and started fucking deeply into the titlfesh, backed by the actress’ lustful moans as her pre-cum sensitized skin thrilled with pleasure at the feeling of cock rubbing over it.

Stef retreated behind the camera once again, zooming in to capture the view as Sydney Sweeney’s thoroughly abused titflesh was used to bring pleasure to a convicted rapist. Thrilling as she saw the look of sheer lust on our prey’s face every time the spongy, ruddy black cockhead popped up from between her mountainous valley of cleavage. Sydney’s hands sank into the sides of her pillowy breasts, fatty flesh oozing between her fingers as she squeezed hard, amplifying the friction on D’Shawn’s pole, his hips thrusting deeper still into her cleavage.

Now totally lost to the pleasure my pre-cum and D’Shawn’s cock gave her, Sydney craved only one thing: the sweet release she knew would accompany a load of fresh cum dousing her burning breast flesh… and maybe over her face and mouth as well. She didn’t care anymore. She just needed it. Badly. I knew her mind would be screaming at her to stop, but she couldn’t. She was too far-gone.

“Little white slut…” D’Shawn rumbled. “You love dis big black cock, dontchoo?”

“Fuck yeah daddy,” Sydney breathed, delirious with lust. “I want you to fuckin’ cum for me… Hose me you black son of a bitch!”

“Whatchoo think of yo man now, lil’ girl?” the ex-con crowed. “I thought you loved yo man!”

“I don’t care about him… I don’t give a fuck anymore!” Sydney hissed, sinking again and again onto D’Shawn’s massive, footlong, tree-trunk-thick cock with her pillowy titties squashed together lewdly, making sick wet squelching noises with every thrust. “He’s got a tiny little white dick… He’s not a real man… He can’t give me what I want… Come on, blow that load out of your big fat black cock… you fucking filthy n-nigger!”

She arched her back, her tits becoming a blur on his pole as she felt the final tension build, the sudden pulse and then the liquid heaven as he erupted and the cum seeped into her skin, trapped within the confines of her cleavage, then bursting up from the canyon like a wellspring, spraying over her face in a sickly white fountain, shooting up her nose, blasting her eyes, arcing into her hair. She squeezed him hard and cooed with adoration, crushing the sweet cum joy out of his pulsing, throbbing black prick.

As the deluge began to subside, she dipped down and latched her lips onto the cock-head, slurping greedily, extracting more cream. D’Shawn rested one massive hand on her blonde head as she blew him and titty-fucked him lovingly, worshipfully.

“I’ve gotta fuck,” she said, looking up with bared teeth, cum slathering her lips. “Need a

cock inside me so fuckin badly… Gotta fuck this nigger cock… fuck it!"

Sydney's wild, raving, racist babbling brought a smile to D'Shawn's face and he stroked her hair, caressing the side of her cum-lined face.

"You shouldn't say that word, lil' girl," he said. "That's a bad word."

"Then maybe you should punish me… nigger," Sydney smirked.

She released her breasts and they slowly oozed apart, glued together by the deluge of cream the ex-con had shot into her cleavage, a clumpy latticework of butter-yellow semen bridging the gap between each heavy, GG-cup titty. Free from the confines of her cleavage, D'Shawn's rock-hard cock swung up and smacked Sydney in the chin with a dull *thwap,* knocking her head back.

The black man reached down and grabbed Sydney by the arm, hauling her to her feet and dragging her stumbling across the room to the dark couch against the far wall. Stefanie panned the camera to follow them, capturing every second.

"I want… I n-need…" was all Sydney could stammer as D'Shawn spun her around and pushed her onto the sofa, planting a hand in the small of her back and pushing her down, bending her over the arm of the couch. Sydney assumed the position willingly, gripping the couch cushions, steadying her legs, and flipping her mane of blonde hair over her shoulder, shooting a look back at her co-star.

"Here it comes, bitch," he growled, running his hands up her naked thighs, gripping her denim cut-off shorts and yanking them down along with her panties, exposing her full, round ass. He slapped his cock into the cleft of her ass-crack, drawing it down until the head was nestled behind her puffy pink pussy lips. There was no need to prime her with my pre-cum now… she was fully under the thrall of my dark lusts, her mind operating on auto-pilot as D'Shawn posed her like a sex doll and prepared to violate her.

Sydney looked back with apprehension. I could tell she wanted it so badly, wanted him so badly. She needed release more than anything else t that moment. But that didn't mean she wasn't aware at the same time of what a horror show her life had become. Tears welled in her eyes even as she spoke words of encouragement to her own rapist.

"Oh yeah, give it to me," she hissed through bared teeth. "I'm ready baby, I'm ready for that big black dick. Come on! I want it in me!"

D'Shawn took one last moment to appreciate the willing female form below him, then he flicked his hips forward and pushed into her. Sydney shuddered, her arms quivering and almost collapsing at the sudden rush of sensation as his cock filled her. She had just a moment to appreciate the feeling of his straining hard prick stretching her wide before he pulled back out and began a steady pumping, 15 years of prison time behind every angry thrust.

Her nubile body rocked with his motions, tits swinging below her like udders in time with his brutal fucking. The con reached forward and grasped her long blonde hair and pulled her head back, her neck arching painfully as his hips slammed against her, clapping her cheeks — *plapp plapp plapp plapp!*

D'Shawn didn't last long, and clearly didn't want to, his movements becoming angrier and more pronounced as he built towards his third orgasm.

"Gonna shoot… bust inside you…" he grimaced, pounding away at her petite body, beating her pussy up ruthlessly.

"Do it," Sydney gasped. "Nut in me raw… Get me pregnant… Give me your black babies, you motherfucker!"

The disgraced actress wailed in ecstasy as she felt D'Shawn cum into her, hot ropes blistering into her womb. Her knees and elbows buckled under the crushing weight of her own sympathetic orgasm, and she collapsed, head flopping to the couch cushions as D'Shawn finished with a few long strokes into her shapely body, seeding her unprotected cunt. She began to weep quietly as the post-orgasmic mental clarity washed over her, an overwhelming sense of regret at what she had just done.

"Hope you ain't gettin tired, ho," D'Shawn grinned, cock still firmly embedded inside her pussy. "We just gettin' started."

"What have I done…?" Sydney whimpered through her tears, trying to crawl away from D'Shawn and escape, only succeeding in wiggling her ass, gyrating against his pelvis, sending new shards of pleasure and lust lancing through his prick. "I'm so fucked up… Please… No more…"

D'Shawn laughed and spanked her hard, making her scream, and then started fucking her again anew. I marveled at his stamina, figuring a decade-plus of sexual frustration was being taken out on Sydney's perfect body. It would be a long day and night, and indeed a long life ahead for the young actress.

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I retreated from Stefanie's mind, sinking back into my own consciousness, and opened my eyes to find Holly's lips latched onto my spurting pole as I blew an unending salvo of ropes deep into her greedy, gulping throat. Apparently, I had been cumming for some time, as her cheeks were fully inflated like a chipmunk's, twin streamers burbling out of her nostrils, a cascade of off-white sperm gunk flowing down my shaft and pooling around my balls as she twitched and hitched with each successive jet, her eyes blank.

I pried the mind-broken model slut off my shaft and she collapsed bonelessly to the floor as I fountained into the air with finality, heavy thick cream arcing through the air and splattering over my chest and stomach.

Two more model slaves — Keeley Hazel and Kelly Brook — sauntered into the office, dressed in matching sheer negligees, then knelt beside me and began lapping up the excess cream, collecting the glistening sperm-ropes criss-crossing my chest. I enjoyed the feeling of their lips and tongues on my body, their heaving breasts pressed into my sides, as my cock belched up the clumpy, curdled after-loads that had been fermenting in my swollen balls. Kelly and Keeley mumbled and moaned appreciatively at the flavor, thanking me for the gift of my cum, while Holly lay mind-fucked and motionless on the carpet at my feet.

I savored the feeling of triumph as I knew across town the ordeal only worsened for my latest victim, Sydney Sweeney. She was beginning a new life as a porn star and slave, an inescapable fate, like a tiny moon being pulled inexorably into the gravity well of a supermassive black hole. The rest of her life would be dictated by the sick lusts of a boy she'd never even met.

My own power was growing, my influence and abilities seemingly doubling with each passing day. I had done things I'd never imagined, that no man had ever dreamed, my reality outstripping even the most craven fantasies of a sex-addled porn addict… and I hadn't even turned 16 yet. As Kelly and Keeley worked together to blow new life into my cock, I basked in the feeling of total control, total victory, total power… but something nagged the back of my mind.

I wanted more.

Chapter 29:
Hollywood Porn Empire

I sat in the lounge of my Hollywood Hills mansion, flanked by floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the city as the sun slowly set, casting the landscape in dusky pinks and oranges. The house jutted out of the hillside on stilts, hovering above the treeline. The lounge was mid-century modern aesthetic, with a recessed floor lined with sofas and a gently flickering fireplace running along the far wall. I'd had a 115-inch TV mounted above that, which I'd paired with an iPad that I used to idly flip through web articles and videos, reading the day's news.

The last few days had been greatly profitable, but I was once again distracted by Frost Enterprises' ongoing acquisition schemes. They were buying up more and more of my father's company's stock. I checked our current stock price and did some quick calculations. I'd need to schedule a call with the board soon to discuss our options. And it was time to consider reaching out to Frost directly.

My cock stiffened in my pants as I recalled Emma Frost's face in my mind, and the strange sense of destiny that seemed to possess me when I thought of her. I remembered that night I had researched her and the other X-Men, and the strange, obsessive, all-consuming lust that had washed over me, which only Stef had been able to abate. And the dreams, going back to the earliest days of the Agenda, the fantasies

revolving around Sue Storm, Mary Jane Watson… and now Emma Frost and Jean Grey. What did it all mean?

My musings were cut short as my new slave Margot entered the lounge, bringing a guest with her. My eyes flickered over the woman entering my sanctum for the first time, and my excitement peaked as I took in her appearance.

This was Alexandra Daddario, an actress I had been following for some time. She was a rare beauty, a combination of features I found irresistible. She was a beautiful brunette, easily on par with some of the models in my stable of harem sluts, with buttermilk-white skin and a doll-like face and plump lips. Her eyes were her most striking and remarkable feature — large, heavy-lashed and pale blue in a haunting way that made them seem to jump out of her face, holding your attention. More distracting, perhaps, were her prodigious and ample breasts, easily FF-cups or larger, which had made her a bombshell in films like *Baywatch.* She was exactly the kind of woman I loved to enjoy, and she had been near the top of my list when I embarked on my Hollywood crusade.

Margot and Alexandra were dressed casually — Margot in a cream-colored sundress, Alexandra in a navy halter-top and a denim miniskirt. Margot looked stunning as always, though I knew she was likely exhausted from the demanding hours of filming she'd endured over the past few weeks. My eyes lingered on Alexandra though, ogling her long legs, her toned midriff and flaring hips, the graceful walk as she stepped into the lounge, following Margot's lead.

Our eyes met and I saw the first twinge of confusion, of discomfort, as she took in my average looks and frame… and I saw her calculating my age, wondering why Margot would bring her to a meeting with a teenager. Still, this was Hollywood… there was lots of money floating around, and lots of young upstarts looking to break into the business. My age wasn't disqualifying. And I knew Margot had vouched for me.

"This is who you… wanted me to meet?" Alexandra asked quietly, standing beside the lounge sofas with Margot.

"Yup," Margot chirped, gesturing for her to take a seat. "This is the guy I told you about… He's going to be financing my next few films, and we've already got a… great working relationship."

"Pleased to meet you," Alexandra said, taking a seat on the couch adjacent to mine, visibly distancing herself from me. I enjoyed her apprehension, her caution. Some sixth sense was already warning her that she had walked into a trap, and I savored the final moments before the snare closed and she lost all hope.

"Pleasure's all mine," I said, smiling broadly. "I've been a… big fan of yours for a long time."

The statement hung in the air uncomfortably as Margot took a seat beside me, cuddling up a bit too close. I saw Alexandra's stunning, pale blue eyes dart over, noticing the

body language between Margot and me, the unspoken bond, the sense of subservience from the glamorous blonde actress.

“So what… kind of films are you interested in making?” Alexandra asked, quieting the concerns in her mind and forcing a thin smile.

“That is a great question,” I said. “Here, it’s probably best if I just show you. I don’t know if you saw the headlines today…”

I swiped on my iPad and brought an article up on the massive TV looming over us. Alexandria shifted in her seat and turned to look, then gasped as she saw the headline:

Sydney Sweeney goes black: Actress retires from films to begin porn career

“What the fuck?” Alexandra said, face twisted in a confused rage. I scrolled down through the article:

In a shocking press release issued in conjunction with the website Blacked.com, Sydney Sweeney announced today her intention to transition full-time into hardcore pornography, specifically the “Blacks on Blondes” genre, a popular category on internet porn sites.

The actress, who was last seen in this year’s romantic comedy hit “Anyone But You,” said she was taking a step back from Hollywood film roles to focus on her true passion: interracial porn.

“I’ve been unsatisfied with my last few movies, and I think the message from my fans is loud and clear: They’d rather see me taking huge, black dicks,” Sweeney said in the release. “This is what I was born for. I was built for BBC.”

Ms. Sweeney’s announcement was timed to coincide with the release of at least 10 brand-new full-length porn videos in which she stars alongside an exclusively black cast. Some of her co-stars are longtime veterans of the porn industry, while several others have been identified as recently paroled ex-convicts from the greater Los Angeles area, many connected with gang activity and violent crime.

The 26-year-old star of HBO’s “Euphoria” also debuted a new look, with her body covered in suggestive, vulgar and degrading tattoos.

A photo accompanied the article, showing a still from one of Sydney’s new films. Her famous, beautiful face was marked with a black spade mark below her right eye, and a barcode across her forehead. Another black spade tattoo on her shoulder bore the words “BBC Addict,” and a stylized black bull-face was emblazoned on her chest just above her cleavage, along with the word mark “Black Bull Bred.” Much of the rest of the image was blurred out, as Sydney was clearly naked.

“Jesus fucking Christ… what?” Alexandra leaned forward in her seat, examining the

photo and reading the article intently, eyes scanning the screen. It went on:

The actress also announced she is splitting from her longtime fiancé, Chicago restauranteur Jonathan Davino, saying he had a "pathetic little white boi micro-dick" that made him look like a "bitch baby" compared to her new co-stars.

"Blacked is proud to begin this exclusive partnership with Sydney, and we're excited for the projects we have lined up," said a spokesperson for the porn site. "Rest assured, our stable of hung black bulls will be happy to use her til she's all used up."

"What I'm doing now is far more meaningful and satisfying than anything I ever did my career before this," Ms. Sweeney said. "I hope I can be a role model to young, breakable white girls everywhere — believe in your dreams!"

Alexandra sat in stunned silence as she finished the article, shaking her head slowly.

"This can't be true," she said finally. "This is all… fucking bullshit… There's no way…"

"Eh, don't be so sure," I smirked, navigating to Blacked.com and scrolling down to a picture of Sydney, then tapping it to visit her profile page.

Alexandra flinched at the explicit imagery as she saw her "White Lotus" co-star reclining on a bed, gazing into the camera with a faux-shocked expression as a massive, muscular black man speared her cunt with a thick, trunk-like cock. The photo was shot with an overexposed flash, giving it a candid, found-footage aesthetic.

I scrolled through a gallery of images — Sydney in a tight red cocktail dress being disrobed by a hulking, heavily tattooed gang member… Sydney's head thrown back in rapture as the man sucked deeply on her naked tits… A tongue closing in on her wet, parted blonde cunt… A large black cock-head springing forth from the top of her cleavage, Sydney's hands pressing her own mighty mammaries together… Drool escaping Sydney's plump, pink lips as she descended on a very large, very angry looking black snake… That same cock, disappearing into her cunt… Sydney's mouth wide open, tongue outstretched as white cum spurted from the ruddy cockhead… Trails of thick white cream decorating her face, criss-crossing the barcode tattoo on her forehead, leaking from her chin onto her tits, a ring of words reading "Not for You Whiteboi" encircling her left nipple…

I chuckled as I perused the images. It had only been a week or so since Sydney's submission at the hands of my sister and the convicted rapist, D'Shawn. Sydney had readily taken the ex-con's cock and he'd viciously used her, making her cum again and again as the pre-cum slowly bent her will toward rampant submission and cock worship. There was nothing for Sydney to do apart from suffer as D'Shawn continued the abuse of her body — rape after rape until he finally spent his last wad deep in her bowels, collapsing on top of her exhausted.

By the time Sydney had been cleaned, refreshed and brought before me, she was a

cowering shadow of her former self, thoroughly broken and debased. She had submitted to me readily, her mind already addicted to cocks and cum, a strange anti-climax as she took my true load, sealing her fate. I'd sent her away, disgusted… and she had not been idle since. We'd put her to work, hard.

Alexandra began to weep uncontrollably, head in her hands, as the full horror of Sydney's submission was revealed. I ignored the tears and stared hungrily at her body, her large, buoyant tits bulging within the navy halter-top, her toned ass and long legs, knowing that these delights would soon be mine to enjoy.

"These are the kind of films I'm interested in producing," I said cavalierly, scrolling through some of Sydney's new filmography. "I own Blacked.com and most of the other major porn studios operating in LA, and I have an exclusive contract with Miss Sweeney for the foreseeable future. She's going to make me very rich… Her debut is already our most-downloaded video of all time. Subscriber rates have skyrocketed since the announcement."

"This is fucking sick… you're disgusting!" Alexandra blurted between sobs.

"Watch your tone, bitch," Margot spat. "Don't be rude."

"Margot, what…" Alexandra's brows furrowed in confusion. "What the fuck are you doing working with his kid? This is crazy! How is this possible?"

I stood, walking casually over toward the couch where she sat, enjoying the way she naturally recoiled from my presence, her gorgeous eyes wide and panicked.

"What I'm talking about is transforming Hollywood forever," I said. "With my money and Margot's influence, I can have actress I want… and I can decide what projects they work on. I control their careers. What you're looking at… is the future. Sydney's future. Margot's future. *Your* future."

I brought up a Pornhub link and full-screened the video, the images sending extra urgency through my cock — Sydney kneeling on a bed, pulling down a glittering silver party dress to reveal her sizable charms, lifting each breast in turn and licking her own nipples seductively.

Two men — both black — entered the scene quite naked, the first zeroing in on the tit meat on offer, planting his thick lips right over a nipple surrounded by a ring of black spade tattoos, the other helping Sydney remove the rest of her dress, jerking it down her waist and over her hips.

Alexandra's attention was glued to the screen, her face a mixture of fascination and revulsion. I sat beside her and sidled up against her, running my hand over an exposed thigh, thrilling to the feeling of her flinching away from my touch.

But her eyes were locked on the screen, disgust and arousal blending on her face as the camera zoomed in to show Sydney clutching at her two co-stars' cocks, beginning a twin milking motion that brought both of them to full erection quickly, increasing their urgency as the first man sucked deeply on her fat, BBC-tattooed breast, leaving the other covered with a sheen of saliva. The second man kissed nipped, and sucked at her neck from behind.

The scene panned back, showing the three protagonists continuing the action in a dimly lit room, the harsh camera light lending the scene a scandalous, sordid sense of realism.

"The most beautiful women in Hollywood… reduced to filthy porn sluts," I remarked hotly, stroking her thigh. "There's so much potential… so many gorgeous women to subvert, so many aspiring young actresses to exploit…"

The men had pushed Sydney onto her stomach, head propped up on her elbows as the camera zoomed in toward her smiling, world-famous face. A fat, fully erect black cock leaked its pre-cum juices as it approached her lips, the actress' tongue hanging out, darting forward to tease the tip of the preferred cock as it approached her, a low moan escaping her lips as she took the head into her mouth, her cheeks concave as she sucked heavily on the meat, eyes shut in rapture.

Alexandra seemed used to my hand stroking on her flesh, my pheromones taking hold gradually… So I moved between her legs, triumphant as her legs slowly began to part for me. I slipped my hand under her short skirt, drifting my knuckles along the soft flesh of her inner thigh, and I noticed her nipples stiffening, poking through the thin material of her halter-top, her arousal rising despite herself.

On-screen, Sydney's performance continued, her tongue emerging to run down he underside of her lover's shaft, the prick twitching at the exquisite sensation, the teasing continued as she ran her teeth over the bulbous head, burying the cock in her mouth again, swiveling her head around the rock-hard intruder between her lips to show the jutting prick-head pushing against the inside of her cheek. Then she lurched suddenly forward, lips breaking free from the cock in front of her as she as rocked from behind.

"Ah, fuck… yeah! Do it, baby!" she cried, the camera panning back to show the black man pushing his cock meat between her thighs into her sopping wet cunt, his hands resting on her hips as he drove into her.

I brushed the lacy fabric of Alexandra's panties with my knuckles and I felt her tremble, watched as her eyelids fluttered, her focus still locked on the screen, a hypnotic, trance-like stupor falling over her as she breathed in deeply, inhaling my pheromonal musk.

"Fuck me, you big black bastard! Ruin my pussy!" Sydney squealed.

"Big… black…bastard…" Alexandra murmured, echoing the porn script, her gaze rapt on the screen as I caressed her beneath her skirt, feeling the heat of her cunt against

my fingers through her lacy panties. Margot was up and moving behind our prey, undoing the bow that kept her halter top in place, leaning down to kiss and nip the nape of her neck, Alexandra arching her back at the arousal flooding her body, whimpering at the unwelcome sensations.

“Sydney Sweeney… getting spit-roasted,” I hissed, watching as the camera zoomed back to show the blonde actress being bucked between the two massive black men’s frenzied thrusts. The first held her steady, hands holding each side of her head as he sawed his cock in and out of her suctioning mouth, the video alive with the sound of flesh smacking flesh and obscene slurping and sucking noises as the second man pounded her from behind, her tits jiggling and jouncing beneath her, swinging wildly back and forth as her petite, curvaceous body absorbed the powerful impacts.

Alexandra moaned softly as my fingers traced the line of her slit through her panties, massaging her, finding her clit as she thrust her hips against my hand involuntarily. Margot peeled the navy halter-top away and I thrilled to the sight as her breasts exploded out of the front of the garment, exposed to my gaze in all their naked, heaving glory… Two perfect, teardrop-shaped, creamy white tits, peaked with blush-pink nipples and pale areolas, looking even larger than they had a moment ago within the confines of her top, jiggling deliciously with each little movement as her body twitched and trembled under my touch.

I slipped inside her panties and plunged my middle finger into her snatch, curling it against the warmth and wetness inside her, making her tense and moan even as Margot caressed her massive, hanging breasts, cupping the tit-flesh, letting it spill over her fingers, massaging her lovingly.

On-screen, Sydney’s mouth broke off from the cock that had been spearing her mouth and tipped her head back as the man jerked himself furiously over her face until he came, shooting white ropes of cum over her chin, across her lips and at the zenith over her forehead, leaking into her eye sockets.

Brutal groans from behind her quickly followed, the hulking man extracting his cock form her sloppy, squelching cunt, using his fingers to part her ass-cheeks and then cumming suddenly and violently over the pucker of her asshole, the little rosette winking as droplets of glistening cream drooled over it.

The video ended abruptly and a new one started — this time Sydney knelt on the concrete floor of an industrial-looking warehouse, surrounded by countless black men, their naked lower bodies filling the screen, standing shoulder-to-shoulder in a ring around her, cocks of various shapes and sizes jutting out toward her like spears.

They were all jerking themselves, laughing, taking turns walking up and swiping their dicks over Sydney’s face, pulling her hair, smacking her tits. Her makeup was already smeared and messy, black mascara streaks running down her cheeks, and she wore a black studded dog collar with a heart-shaped silver tag that read “BBC.” She was fully naked, her body littered with degrading tattoos, and as we watched, a man with a

particularly long, thick cock approached, stroking himself just behind the flared head of his swollen, helmet-shaped prick-head. Sydney looked up at him with her doe-eyes, smiling innocently, and tilted her head back to accept the coming onslaught.

He pulled himself off quickly, pushing himself over the edge by wiping his black cock-head over her pink, pouting lips, and then rope after rope of white cum spurted out over her face. As he withdrew, his cock was replaced by two more — one fat, one long — which smushed against her cheeks before hitching and depositing their own loads on her waiting face. Sydney closed her eyes as her features were buried under an unending cascade of spurting, chowdery white cream. Criss-crossing zig-zags of cum built up into a gloopy, gluey mask that dripped down her chin and onto her naked tits as five, ten, twenty black men in a row busted a nut onto her placid, willing, world-famous face, until she was unrecognizable below the pile of slop and cum-sludge. Her hands came up and jerked men simultaneously until they erupted over her, her fingers seeking out their heavy ballsacks and caressing, tickling the dark black scrotums, making the men moan in release as they coated her.

Alexandra watched, transfixed by the BBC bukkake, panting heavily, and I smiled at her shame, at her complete despair. She was losing control of her body, just as Sydney had, and soon I would be in her mind, subverting her, addicting her. She was watching her own future, a bleak and vulgar fate too horrible to imagine playing out on the screen like looking into a crystal ball.

“Gimme your black cum… Drown me in your nigger loads!” Sydney wailed through a mouth teeming with heavy cream.

“Black cum… Nigger loads…” Alexandra breathed, absently squeezing and fondling one of her own breasts as I finger-fucked her. I could feel her submission instinctually, knowing this degradation, watching a fellow actress reduced to the lowest possible levels of sub-humanity, was destroying her.

The scene ended with the men leading a cum-soaked Sydney on a leash over to a dog bowl, where a coiled, gloopy mass of cum waited for her. She knelt on all fours and hunched over the bowl then dipped her face into it, lapping it up hungrily, slurping greedily.

Abruptly, a new scene started, this time with Sydney dressed in a barely-there golden string bikini. Her blonde hair was done in twin boxer braid pigtails, giving her a decidedly more urban street look, and big silver hoop earrings dangled beside her face. She was gyrating slowly, rocking her hips back and forth, dancing suggestively in front of a fat, bearded black man wearing sunglasses and smoking an oversized joint. Her hands roamed over her own body, sliding over her generous curves, slowly beginning a striptease that had the fat man’s gym shorts tenting in his lap as his cock grew to arousal.

“Look at her…” Alexandra breathed, eyes locked on the porn as I fingered her. “She… she’s a… a…”

“Tell me what she is,” I urged, pulling up her chin so that she could not avoid my gaze, her haunting blue eyes staring into mine. “Tell me.”

“She’s a… fucking slut,” she hissed defiantly, without remorse. “A trashy… black cock… porn slut…”

“You like it,” I smiled, withdrawing my hand from her shorts, making her whimper in loss. “You like watching Sydney get fucked on camera for money, degraded by whatever men I choose, don’t you?”

“It’s so fucked up,” she said, eyes drawn back to the screen. “It’s twisted… But she looks so fucking hot…”

Sydney had peeled away her bikini top, revealing her her naked breasts to the fat man’s ravenous gaze, and she took great pleasure in running her erect nipples over his face, around his mouth, through his beard and over his chest before she turned around and pulled the thong out of her ass-crack, revealing her pink, juicy cunt to the man as she turned and smiled at him — the smile of a sex-crazed, cock-teasing slut. Pulling her ass-cheeks apart, her anus came into full view, as the man took a deep drag on his fat blunt and blew smoke over Sydney’s backside.

She turned around, kneeling before him, rubbing her hand over his trapped cock, encircling it with her fingers through the fabric of his gym shorts, enjoying the way he tensed as his prick strained, rigid and hard. She pulled the elastic waistband down, and Alexandra sighed as I did the same, slowly unzipping my fly until my pants opened and my cock sprang free into the open air.

Then Margot was pushing Alexandra down, firmly planting a hand at the back of her head and bending her over toward my jutting, iron-girder dick. I could feel her hot breath as her head descended, and she mumbled something quietly under her breath as a large gob of her saliva drooled from her lips, hitting the exposed cock-head before it was engulfed by her mouth. Her tongue instantly sprang into life, teasing my slit, seeking pre-cum instinctively, ringing the fleshy collar of my foreskin, losing herself in the potent flavor of my cock-musk.

I pushed her down further into my lap, taking control from Margot, her sucking mouth accepting as much of my length as I pushed into her, the warm wetness sheer heaven as I felt the inevitable surge of pre-cum gather at the root of my prick, my balls rumbling ominously.

I made her work for it before I eventually began to ooze the milky, clumpy, sperm-tinged fluid into her clenching mouth, forcing her to coax it from me by pushing her ever downwards, until my bloated cock-head was rubbing against the back of her throat. Pulses of searing-hot pre-spunk jetted into her throat and I smiled as she gulped greedily, moaning in appreciation.

On-screen, Sydney held the fat man's massive joint between her pursed lips, inhaling deeply, eyes heavy-lidded. Then she passed it back to him, smoke lilting up from the corners of her mouth, and held the hit in her lungs as she dived onto the slab of black meat in front of her. Smoke poured from her nostrils as she sank down onto his shaft, blowing him lovingly, holding eye contact as she sucked, jerking him with one hand, holding his balls with the other.

I enjoyed watching as Sydney gave sloppy head to the fat black man on screen as Alexandra mimicked her actions on me, crouching on the sofa, bent over my lap with my cock sinking down her throat. Margot rubbed her back soothingly as the actress moaned absently, lost in the task at hand. Her lips were stretched around the fattest section of my footlong cockshaft, and she slurped on it rhythmically, bathing the meat with her tongue. I rested my hand on her head, weaving my fingers into her coffee-brown hair, my hips bucking once involuntarily. I felt my dickhole open wide against the back of her throat and burp up a huge, gushing spurt of thick, clotted cum-jelly from deep in my nuts.

Blluuurrrpppt!

Alexandra's cheeks ballooned full of my load as I spurted a fat, clumpy wad into her sucking mouth. The cum-curds were hot, and dense as gummy bears, and she moaned appreciatively, swirling them in her mouth, letting the flavor saturate her taste buds as her addiction to my cream grew… and grew….

She gurgled happily through a mouthful of my nut, looking up into my eyes as she continued suckling. I leaned back, smiling as she gargled around my cockhead, copying Sydney by using one hand to tug me off, the other cradling my heavy nutsack as she blew me, prodding her tongue against my winking cum-slit.

My hips tensed and I bucked upward, fucking into her throat, and she gagged indecently. But she soon adapted as I began fucking her throat in earnest, developing a rhythmic *glukk-glukk-glukk-glukk* as I choked her with my pole. Every few thrusts, my cock fired off another huge jet of sperm that she took down her throat, swallowing greedily.

By now, Sydney was completely naked on-screen, riding her black co-star hard, his cock firmly wedged in her clenching shit-pipe, gasping in ecstasy as she bounced up and down on him, hands planted on his corpulent, massive belly. She put on a great show, keeping her tits firmly pointed forwards, the delicious mounds like two massive scoops of Jell-O, springing up and down as she fucked the hell out of him.

Alexandra's arms fell aside limply as she let me fuck her throat totally, driving her right down to the hilt, spearing her face, her throat bulging uncomfortably as I shoved a foot or more of diamond-hard cockmeat down it. My cock was only swelling in her throat, cable-thick veins rippling down its length, as I approached the point of no return, pleasure building as I watched my newest slave-slut's most recent porn video while subverting yet another hapless actress to the cause.

It was easy… too easy… These women were all sluts… They were all the same… Every one I took only reaffirming that they deserved this treatment, that it was destiny, that it was *right…*

“Fuck me, you big black bastard!” Sydney cried, the fat man’s hands reaching up to grope and squeeze her perfect, jouncing breasts. “Shoot your cum inside me and knock me up with a nigger baby!”

I hissed as I crossed the line, Sydney’s filthy, racist-tinged ranting pushing me over the edge even as Alexandra’s tortured gagging sent shards of pleasure lancing through my cock. My cock swelled to the thickness of a pool noodle in her throat, making her wail pathetically around its girth as my knob exploded, lodged halfway down her throat, bulging obscenely with each spurting gout of thick, white cum.

Sssshhhpluuurrtt! Spluuurrrrggttt! Ffffplrrrrtt!! Plplpplplrrtttt!! Sssskluuooorrrtt!

I nutted so hard it felt like I was pissing, my nuts hitching with each enormous blast of backed-up, jelly-thick jism. I could hear the disgusting, gelatinous sounds of dense, gooey, clotted cream erupting into her tight, hot throat, each prolonged, blasting geyser of seed like a bag of cake frosting being forcefully injected into an overstuffed pastry.

Alexandra’s eyes were half-lidded as I continued to blast jet after jet down her throat, and I reached under her to cup one pendulous, hanging tit, sampling its softness, squeezing appreciatively, groping and fondling her as my cock dispatched endless salvos of mind-breaking mutant sperm into her gullet. I felt her trying to pull away, instinctively trying to escape the torrent of cream rushing down her throat, the fear that it might drown her, and I held her in place, enjoying her struggles, forcing her back down until her lips were spread thin around the root of my cock and I was hilted in her throat, pissing cum directly into her belly.

She gagged, hitching on my pole and vomiting a spray of excess cum out of her throat, twin jets of spunk erupting from her nostrils, but I held her in place, emptying dozens after dozens of thick, wriggling sperm ropes down her throat, riding the peak of ecstasy as I knew I was rewiring her brain chemistry, changing her forever, ending her life as she knew it.

After several minutes and an innumerable amount of huge, gushing blasts, my cock began to spurt less and less into Alexandra’s milking throat. I pissed out the last blasts of jelly from my backed-up balls, until my cockhead was drooling and burping the final clumpy wads. I pried her head off my cock, disgorging a cascade of throat-slime and cum-gunk from her throat as she drooled uncontrollably all over the couch, belching loudly.

Blllluurrrppp!

“H-holy fucking shit,” she mumbled up at me with sperm-slathered lips. “You cum so

much… it feels like I'm fucking pregnant…"

She gestured down to her flat midriff, where a sizable cum-gut had distended her belly, a sloshing load filling and inflating her body like a water balloon.

I waved my still-hard cock, slapping her in the face with it. She closed her eyes and accepted the treatment as I drummed my rigid tool across her cheeks, back and forth, enjoying her complete submission.

"Who the fuck are you?" she asked between playful cock-slaps. "I don't even know your name, but… I feel like I fucking love you…"

"You don't need to know my name, slut," I said, casually smacking her in the face with my slimy, cum-slick cockshaft. "All you need to know is your place. You are a slave… and I am your Master."

"You're just a fucking kid," she said with wonderment, before hurriedly adding "… Master."

"Don't tell me what I am," I sneered. I gathered her hair in my hand and pulled her up, drawing her into a kneeling position and guiding her in front of me until she was straddling my lap on the couch. I hiked up her skirt over her waist and slipped her panties to the side, exposing her brown-furred snatch as she loomed over me. I looked up at her, grinning as I gripped my cock, feeling it pulse in my hand, throbbing with obscene power, and aimed it between her legs. She had to lift her hips, rising up high on her knees as I guided the bulging, helmet-shaped head toward her drooling pussy lips.

Margot came around the couch and stood behind Alexandra, holding her by the hair, pulling her head back and leaning in for a deep, searching kiss, sucking excess cum off her lips and chin. I admired the way Margot was adapting to the role of madam for my expanding Hollywood whore operation, sampling each new victim that fell into my web, funneling new prey toward the sphere of my unholy influence.

The spongy, slimy head of my prick pressed against Alexandra's outer labia, making her shudder and moan into Margot's mouth. She sank slowly on her knees, my swollen cock-knob spreading her cunt lips wetly and spearing up inside her. She groaned, long and low, as the feeling of intrusion overtook her.

She sank down, down, filling herself with me, grunting at the forcefulness as my shaft spread her inner pussy walls wide, stretching her birth canal to an unnatural degree. My cockhead pressed up against her cervix as she kept lowering herself, whining as I speared up into her womb, up against her farthest back walls. I felt like her whole body was a cock-sleeve in that moment, a fuck-toy made for my enjoyment, my prick embedded in her deepest depths, holding her locked in place.

She began a slow, gentle rocking of her hips as she and Margot continued making out

sloppily. Back and forth, back and forth, riding me like a horse, thighs bulging as she knelt, sinking and rising. She cooed softly, riding me, her cunt gripping and massaging my cock, feeling so tight, so warm…

She arched her back, thrusting her chest out, her tits jiggling beautifully right in my face, and my hands rose to cup and caress her heavy, round breasts. My fingers sank into the yielding tittyflesh, kneading and pulling, thumbing her puffy nipples, making her shiver and gasp. Her own hands joined mine on her tits and she helped me smash and smush her tits around on her chest.

“Ooouhhhhmmm,” she moaned into Margot’s mouth.

My cock pulsed once and shot pre-cum inside her, hot and sticky, painting her insides with syrup-thick pre-seed. She gyrated her hips on me, grinding her pelvis down against mine, mewling at the pleasure as my sensitizing fluids coated her insides.

Pulling her tits like udders, I drew Alexandra down to me, pulling her away from Margot, her lithe form sinking against my own slim frame, her fat titties squashing into my meager chest. I felt Margot kneel between my legs and then the heavenly wet suction of her mouth on my ballsack, slurping and suckling on each fat, swollen testicle in turn, one after the other, tickling my scrotum with her fingers, massaging my taint.

I gripped Alexandra by the hips and started fucking up into her in earnest, rocking her body with thrusts, making her tits dance and flop like crazy, bouncing up to slap her in the face.

“Hyuunnhh!” she moaned, steadying herself against my shoulders as I railed her out. “Hooouhhhh, fuck… Master!”

I felt the heat and rising simmer of an orgasm building within me, fast this time. I sank my face into her cleavage as I rocked her body with thrusts, biting and chewing on her tits, suckling and slurping on her nipples, titflesh bouncing all around my face, smothering me.

“I’m gonna fuckin’ cum, baby,” Alexandra breathed hotly, holding my head affectionately as I nursed from her.

I reached up and yanked her back suddenly by her hair, looking up into her wide, blue eyes.

“Not yet,” I hissed, my other hand creeping down to smack and grip the fat cheek of her white ass. “Don’t you cum yet, bitch. Not until I give you permission…”

She looked at me incredulously, her face straining as she tried to suppress the rising tide of climax, sweat dappling her forehead. She was hot against me, her flesh on mine, all over me, my cock buried in the sweltering, squelching wetness of her cunt as she gushed over my shaft.

Her hips were rocking furiously on my own, grinding onto me, and I squeezed her big ass hard, squashing her down onto my cock, making her yelp and squeal. She squirted convulsively and whined, long and high, but she did not cum, did not climax. She was sobbing, trembling against me, unable to stop fucking me, unable to achieve orgasm… Edging perpetually in a state of mind-numbing bliss.

I watched as her eyes rolled back, her mouth dropping open and her tongue lolling out in a dazed, mind-fucked expression of braindead lust. I held her by her hair, her face a drooling, tongue-wagging mess, and I could practically see her brain overheating, her eyes jittering and rolling in their sockets, her body twitching and spasming.

“Puh-puh-please, M-master,” she stammered, voice ragged. “Please, let me… cummmmm…”

“Not yet,” I sneered. “Not until… I say so…”

She whined, shoulders shrugging and hunching, back arching painfully. She planted a hand on either side of me and fucked down onto me hard, hips bucking wildly, uncontrollably, a loud, resounding *plapp-plapp-plapp-plapp* as she rode me.

“Please, Sir!” she cried, drooling, quivering like a spastic. “Please, God, please! Aaaaoouuhhhh!!”

She lost the ability to speak, gibbering mindlessly, like an animal, as she fucked me harder and faster, the sofa shaking and creaking beneath us with the exertion. My hands were on her titties, squeezing… On her ass, groping… On her hips, guiding her…

“Uummuhhhh!” she wailed brainlessly. “Duhhhh… Fuuuhhh!!!”

I lost it and came hard, hilting myself, letting go, cumming, spurting, shooting deep into her pussy. My hips bucked savagely, amplifying the pleasure of my climax as I sought out greater friction, greater release, wanting to go deeper, so much deeper…

I flooded her pussy with an unending load of chunky, white nut sauce, my cock swelling and pulsing within her, bulging with each thick, nasty wad I pumped into her womb. I fired rope after rope of hot, jelly-thick cream until it started to squirt out around the sides of my cock, and still I kept cumming, unloading my nuts fully into her. Margot was lapping up the underside of my prick, collecting the excess sperm that leaked and spurted out around my length, the sounds of ejaculation coming from within Alexandra’s body lewd and wet — *spluuooorrrttt, splurrrggg, skuuuuusshhhhh.*

Alexandra’s hips bucked spastically as my climax automatically triggered her own and she squirted uncontrollably over my stomach, riding me like a bucking bronco. She *whooped* deeply, head craned back, screaming to the ceiling, gurgling and gasping, drooling down onto her bouncing, jostling, fat tits. I smacked her in the face again and

again as she came, riding a cresting wave of pleasure, holding her by the hair and beating her silly, enjoying the wild, mind-fucked faces she gyrated madly on my cock, gushing all over me.

Then, I saw her twitch and her eyes went blank as her mind blinked out, unable to process the overwhelming sensations of rapture any longer. She collapsed onto me like a puppet with its strings cut. I flexed as I spurted the last few thick, heavy ropes of cum into her, then simply sat back, basking in the sweet afterglow of orgasm, Margot tonguing my nuts lovingly.

When I was done I pushed Alexandra to the side and she collapsed to the floor in a heap, her cunt releasing its grip on my cock with a wet, squelching *skluuurrkk* as she tumbled onto the carpet lifelessly.

“Get her the fuck out of here and put her to work,” I said dismissively to Margot, pulling my cock and balls away from her and tucking them back into my pants.

“Yes, Master,” she nodded, head bowed as I rose and headed up to my office.

I had business to attend to, and though Alexandra’s submission had been an enjoyable diversion, I was again left the feeling of wanting more. The bitch had been a longtime celebrity crush of mine, just like all the models, just like Sydney… But I felt a troubling emptiness as I enslaved her. It was too easy. She was just like all the rest, just like every conquest dating back to Madison. Another soul to crush, another mind to violate, another body to enjoy.

Still, I mused… At least she could start earning me money.

Chapter 30:
Early Birthday Present

I turned off my webcam, ending a conference call with the company’s board and senior investors. News was very much the same — Frost Enterprises was slowly buying up our stock through a cadre of trusts, hedge funds and shell companies. Within a few weeks, we anticipated Emma Frost would control up to a third of all our stock, well on her way to becoming a majority stakeholder, weaseling her way into my father’s legacy and stealing the company out from under me.

I felt my rising frustration smoldering and igniting into rage at the Frost bitch. Who did she think she *was*? Did she think she could just walk away with my *birthright?*

I pulled up her profile in the X-Men dossier my opposition research team had prepared, as I’d done dozens, hundreds of times over the past few months. I ignored her detailed bio, pulling up the attached photos and studying her beautiful face. The pale complexion, the sharp features, the cold blue eyes and bob of shimmering blonde hair…

The plump pink lips, the fulsome tits squashed inside the white corset… I knew she loved to flaunt her body, showing off her impressive assets, using them to her advantage.

“Fucking bitch,” I said out loud to no one in particular, fumbling with my pants. My cock was growing stiff, tenting the front of my trousers stubbornly, thudding against the underside of my desk as I obsessed over Emma’s image. Her corsets, her bustiers, the short white skirts, the more conservative business suits… all of them making the most of her curves.

But more than her beauty… that confidence, the arrogance in her eyes. The sense of superiority. I hauled my cock out, sighing as I leaned back in my chair, gripping it in one hand, dragging my fist up and down the turgid, vein-riddled length. I grunted and the dick-head belched a globule of milky pre-cum, which I collected in my palm and used to lubricate my slow, deliberate jacking strokes.

Emma Frost was a mutant, like me. Her own powers were substantial — she was considered an Alpha-class telepath. Like me, she had been set apart at an early age. She was better than other people, and she knew it. I understood my own powers were now increasing, metastasizing, some sort of telepathic resonance allowing me to form the rapport I shared with Stefanie. But against the White Queen’s telepathic prowess… surely I wouldn’t stand a chance. Right?

I hissed in lust as my cock solidified and hardened, like a bar of steel in my hand, thick and hot. I stared at the screen, gazing into Emma’s icy blue eyes, her gorgeous face, the buffet of titlfesh and deep cleavage oozing out of her corset.

In my dreams, I had seen her… Fucking her tits, raping her, claiming her… Those big, fat titties wrapped around my cock, harder than it had ever been…

My nuts churned and gurgled, clenching up around the base of my shaft, and my prick-head spewed an involuntary burst of steaming-hot, pearly white pre-cum into the air.

Those dreams had to *mean* something… I sensed it, on a primal, base level. They weren’t just dreams. They couldn’t be. They were premonitions. The visions had begun around the same time I had first exhibited the transformative changes, the emergence of my mutant pheromones, my hyperactive sperm-producing balls and enlarged cock. The power had always been there, some sort of telepathic foresight that I was only starting to understand now, as I became more practiced at harnessing my abilities, subverting countless women to my will.

And if I truly *was* seeing the future… then it was my destiny to possess Emma, to take her, to rape her, to subjugate and enslave her just like every other weak-minded bitch I had conquered thus far. I felt a rising thrill at the challenge, the risk involved in confronting an Alpha-class mutant, one of the fabled X-Men. I could expose my entire operation, and in so doing put an end to everything I’d built. But that challenge… it fueled something inside me.

I looked through the X-Men personnel files, studying the other gorgeous mutant heroines. Psylocke, Rogue, Storm… Jean Grey… Each one, so beautiful, so glamorous, so powerful, so noble. I could have them all. I could devise a scheme to take them in turn, one by one, making them mine, exposing them to my powers, my will against their own.

I began to formulate a plan, diving deep into the individual biographies of each X-Woman, studying them, identifying their weaknesses, devising their downfalls. All the while I jerked myself steadily, riding a high unlike anything I'd ever experienced, edging on the precipice of climax but denying myself release, keeping my mind focused.

Emma Frost would pay for what she was trying to do to my father's company. She'd get far more than she bargained for… They all would.

— — —

I woke from a restless sleep, plagued by vivid but frustratingly unfocused dreams… teasing, tantalizing visions of unfamiliar women sucking me, fucking me, tit-fucking me… I searched for faces I knew but they were just out of reach, floating in the darkness, as my prick pulsed with sharp stabs of pleasure. I sensed a yawning chasm ahead of me, a descent into unspeakable debauchery and evil, beckoning me, drawing me forward…

I floated up into consciousness, aware of the familiar, comforting feeling of warm, wet suction on the end of my cock. My vast, palatial bedroom was filled with slurping, sucking sounds, and I looked down to see Stefanie kneeling between my thighs, my swollen prick-head between her plump lips as she sucked diligently. Her eyes were heavy-lidded as she latched onto the end of my pole, and copious streams of my sickly white cum drooled from her nostrils and the corners of her mouth. My cock was rigid, vascular and thrumming… I hadn't been able to tamper down the furious erection that had formed the previous day after my obsessive masturbation session over the Frost files, and even my sister's loving ministrations had clearly done nothing to lessen it, either.

As she sensed me coming awake, she looked up, eyes bright, detaching from the beet-red tip of my glans with a wet *popp*. She cradled my girthy, turgid arm-thick cock in her hands, admiring its hardness and weight, looking up at me with knowing eyes. As we both watched, my cum-slit dilated and drooled a heavy, clumpy stream of milky, syrup-thick pre-nut, an ominous signal of potency.

Stef gulped down the last of my creamy discharge she had been holding in her mouth, swallowing with a satisfied smile. This close to Stefanie, our rapport initiated seemingly on its own, our minds touching, linking, becoming one. I began to flick through her memories like a slideshow gallery, replaying the events of the previous night, when she suddenly pulled away, breaking the link and jumping backwards off the bed, grinning broadly, obviously very excited.

I lay, watching her, my prick at full mast, standing between us like a telephone pole, still oozing gloppy rivulets of cream. Stef looked beautiful and vivacious, her hair back in a messy bun, dressed in a pink satin evening gown, maybe even the same gown she had worn when we'd attended the Homecoming dance together. The slinky dress reminded me of those early days, before I had even taken her for the first time… the time before all this, when she had still just been my sister, nothing more.

"I've got a surprise for you, baby," she began. "You know how Margot got me tickets to the Emmys afterparty last night? The Vanity Fair thing?"

I nodded. Stef had gained my permission to attend the city's never-ending schedule of glitzy social events, galas and afterparties, either on her own or with a cadre of my new Hollywood slave-sluts, as a means of seeking out new prey. I preferred not to expose myself socially for the time being. I didn't want to be seen, I didn't want to be a known entity, and I didn't want to raise questions. The Sydney Sweeney affair had generated a fair amount of press, maybe too much — and I was concerned about drawing attention to my operation. I didn't need people asking who I was. Stefanie, on the other hand, could operate and move through that world with ease — a young, gorgeous girl, who I could trust completely to act on my behalf while navigating the social scene, targeting men and women alike.

"Well," Stef continued, "I brought home a couple new friends, and I think you'll be very pleased when you see who they are."

I reached into her mind to retrieve the image of her pick-up, but I was rudely cut off from that part of her memory.

"It's a surprise!" she exclaimed giddily. "They're both downstairs, still sobering up I think. It was a long night. But I'm pretty sure they were both on your list, so…"

Stef watched as I climbed out of my sprawling king bed and slipped on a pair of baggy joggers, my still-hard prick blatantly tenting the front of the sweatpants. My erection simply refused to go away… but I knew that working together, Stef and I could find a solution for that.

———

Taking me by the hand, she led me downstairs into the lounge where just a few days before I had fucked and enslaved Alexandra Daddario. There were still cum stains on the couch cushions and carpet. Early morning light was flooding through the floor-to-ceiling windows, and as we descended the grand staircase down to the main floor, I was greeted by one of the most sexually arousing sights I'd ever witnessed.

I recognized our two guests immediately, of course. They were both world-famous actresses, and even despite everything I'd been through, I couldn't help feeling a little starstruck as I approached. The two of them together represented the pinnacle of some

of my longest-held fantasies, and it was hard not to feel a twinge of nerves as I saw them sitting together on my broad sofa in glamorous evening gowns.

One the left was Sofia Vergara, a Colombian-American model and actress who had gained widespread acclaim on the long-running ABC sitcom “Modern Family.” On that show, she embodied the role of the MILF housewife, a curvaceous and beautiful mother with a fiery Latin sensuality. She had smoky, heavy-lidded eyes and shapely, luscious lips, and even at 50 she retained a youthful and vibrant exuberance, radiating sex appeal. Her hair fell in wavy golden-brown tresses around her beautiful face, and her skin was a rich cinnamon tan. She was lithe and voluptuous in a slinky white gown that put her chest firmly on display, two full, round GG-cup tits pushed high on her chest and held in place, presenting a fantastic cleavage, decorated with a shimmering diamond necklace that encircled her graceful, swanlike neck.

Beside her sat Christina Hendricks, in a burgundy-colored gown with lace trim. Known best for her role on the AMC drama “Mad Men,” Christina was a sex icon of the 21st century, and certainly played a formative role in my own… early development. The contrast between her and Sofia was striking, as each woman complemented the other’s distinctive beauty with her own. Where Sofia was tall and statuesque, Christina was voluptuous and full-figured. Sofia was tan and dark, while Christina’s skin was pale, milky white, her hair a fiery ginger red. And while Sofia’s GG breasts were a full, prominent and proud set of mommy milkers… Christina was in an entirely different league. Her tits were massive, monumental… easily MM-cup or bigger, putting even Stefanie to shame. They had seemed to only grow larger with age, while retaining their firm and perfect shape, and they sat round and heavy on her chest, supported by the lacy front of her gown working hard to support them. I nearly lost myself gazing into the deep cleavage on display, and my cock spontaneously flexed and audibly spurted a beam of piping-hot pre-cum into my joggers as I approached — *ppllrrppptt!*

Stefanie was right — both these women had been at the top of my list when I began my campaign to conquer Hollywood, for obvious reasons. I gave her hand a meaningful squeeze and she smiled at me as we strode down into the recessed seating area in the center of the lounge. Christina and Sofia looked over at us and smiled, looking blissed-out and half-asleep.

“Oh, hey Stef, you’re back,” Christina said dreamily.

“*Hola, chica,*” Sofia smiled. “Who’s your friend?”

I recognized a kind of trance-like devotion in both of the older women’s eyes as they regarded Stef in her own figure-hugging pink satin gown. They were gazing at my sister with a barely concealed hunger, looking her up and down like a hot meal. Surely she hadn’t already…

“Did you…?” I looked at my sister, letting the question hang unspoken, and she grinned back at me, releasing my hand before stepping toward the couch.

“Watch this,” she chirped, standing beside Sofia. Both women looked up at Stef like baby birds as she hauled one massive, heaving breast out of the front of her gown, shrugging the strap off her shoulder to make it easier to heft her heavy mammary out into the open air. My cock flexed again as Stef thumbed her nipple, priming it, then leaned forward, drawing Sofia in. The older woman latched onto my sister’s tit without question, puckering her plump lips around the nipple before beginning an insistent sucking, nursing and slurping on Stef’s breast like a child. Christina watched on, entranced, as Sofia gulped greedily, clearly drawing out a heavy stream of milk, her cheeks concave, eyes shut in rapture.

“Holy fuck…” I marveled as Stef demonstrated her dominance over one of my longtime fantasy women, and my cock jutted out against the fabric of my joggers, drooling heavily, staining the front of my pants.

“Margot introduced us all last night at the party,” Stef said, eyelids fluttering with arousal as she held the older actress to her breast. “We got to talking, and I convinced Christina and Sofia to come back here to chat about some upcoming projects… They didn’t last five minutes in the limo before I had them both nursing from me.”

Once again I was impressed by my sister’s natural talent and instinct as a sexual predator. I remembered the weeks, months, when I had been obsessed with her, and how feeble I felt before my own mutation manifested and I was able to dominate her sexually. If that had never happened, I expect I would still be living in her shadow.

The sight of a beautiful, glamorous, big-titted MILF suckling at my sister’s breast was having a devastating effect on my libido. Christina looked over at me, noticing the unmistakeable shape of my iron-hard cock bulging from the front of my pants, the outline of my swollen, heavy scrotum visible at the base. She noticed me looking down into the canyon of her cleavage and gave me a disgusted look. I smiled back at her.

Stef pulled Sofia by the hair, forcing the older woman to detach from the plump, milk-dribbling nipple with a disappointed sigh. Streams of thick, creamy milk drooled down the actress’ chin from between her pouting lips, dappling the buffet of richly tanned cleavage below.

“Momma,” Sofia said quietly as she was pushed away.

My sister strode toward me, pulling her other breast out, the pink nipple bud weeping in sympathy, baring her full chest to me.

“Think of it as an early birthday present,” she said, sidling up to me. I kissed her lustfully, absorbing her into my arms. I poured my appreciation into the kiss, letting my hands run over her body, over her sides, up to her tits… I groped her hard, but I was looking out of the corner of my eye at Christina and Sofia as they watched us jealously.

“Stef… who is this guy?” Christina asked, looking at me suspiciously, eyes darting back down to the pulsing, throbbing length in my joggers.

“This is my brother… my lover… my Master,” Stef said, caressing my face.

“*Mierda*… You guys are… brother and sister?” Sofia asked incredulously, licking milk off her lips.

“Uh-huh,” I chuckled. “Stef, honey, suck my cock.”

The two older women’s jaws dropped, their eyes bulging as Stef sank to her knees instantly and yanked my joggers down, letting my cock spring out, bobbing in the air, aiming at the two actresses like a loaded shotgun. It was drooling a gloopy beard of pre-cum from the foreskin-strangled tip, and Stef slurped this up ravenously as she kissed the head of my prick and began a gentle bobbing back and forth on my rigid, diamond-hard shaft.

Sofia and Christina were visibly repelled by the squelches, moans and lip-smacking pops as Stefanie gleefully devoured my prick, mirroring the nursing she had demonstrated with the older woman only moments before. They watched, speechless, frozen in place.

“I raped her last year, and she’s been my fuck slave ever since,” I explained casually, as if was a perfectly normal thing to say. “Just as you two will be.”

I drank in the dawning fear in both of their eyes as my words sank in. Both women were under the spell of Stefanie’s intoxicating milk, already addicted on some level, their minds and inhibitions dulled, but they retained some element of free will, an awareness that they had stumbled into something beyond their depth. Perhaps in the limo on the way here they had been a little drunk, having fun chatting with a much younger, beautiful girl, feeling safe and confident…

Then, Stefanie’s pheromones worked their magic and the women gave into their dark urges, but something so natural and innocent, like nursing… And then before they knew it, the chemical power of my sister’s milk had brought them into a strange house, and there was a teenage boy with a foot of angry-looking, uncircumcised, vein-riddled cockmeat staring them down and using words like “Master…”

Christina made a move first, clumsily trying to get up, her big, billowing gown impeding her movements, her tits jiggling mightily as she scooted back on the couch. Aware of the danger, Stefanie let go of my cock and stood up by my side, and together we advanced on the two actresses.

“Stop,” Stef commanded, and the older woman’s eyes widened as she registered the strange sense of obedience she felt toward my sister as a result of exposure to her pheromone-laced breastmilk.

“I c-can’t… I shouldn’t be here,” Christina murmured, eyes locked on my jutting prick, fighting her own instincts. “I’m married… This isn’t… I have to go…”

“Sofia. Restrain her,” Stef said, and the gorgeous Colombian actress obeyed instantly — albeit with a conflicted expression on her face — reaching forward to crook her arm around Christina’s throat, locking her in a choke-hold.

“What— no--” Christina choked, her hands coming up to clutch and claw at the other woman’s arms.

I felt a rush of power flow through me as I saw the older woman obey my sister’s commands, a sensation of euphoria comparable only to the release of orgasm. My cock hitched and belched up a load of pre-cum, an audible *sploouuuorrtt* as my hips bucked and a jet of clumpy, pearly-white sludge spurted out, lining the billowing folds of Christina’s burgundy gown.

She shrieked, looking down, face twisted in disgust as I moaned, craning my head back in ecstasy before spurting again, unable to control the sudden surge, the rush of anticipatory pre-cum, blasting a gushing torrent of hot, milky spunk all over the actress’ dress.

Stefanie was beside them now, stroking Sofia’s hair, her breasts hanging down heavily beside the women’s faces, drooling milk. The three of them all together, their tits all so fucking huge, and available, and *ready for me,* was driving me crazy with lust. The frustrating impotence I felt, the unconsummated desires for Emma Frost and the other X-Women, fell to the wayside as I approached Christina and Sofia. Both looked so beautiful in person, their hair and makeup perfect even after a night of partying. Their bodies a fulsome, mouth-watering feast of curves…

My cock strained, yearning to shoot my seed into either one of these beauties, but I savored the moment, taking my time. Christina’s eyes were locked on my prick as I stepped forward, drooling over her jiggling white titties. So huge, each of them larger than her own head, practically bursting out of the meager bodice of her dress.

“You can let her go,” I said, and Sofia slowly disengaged. When Christina jolted and tried to get up, Stef grabbed her by the hair and pulled her into her bosom, feeding a mountain of titflesh into her gasping mouth. The redhead actress became instantly docile, her face sinking into Stefanie’s breast, slurping and suckling contentedly.

With chilling ease, I reached down and slipped the woman’s gown straps off her ivory shoulders, peeling the bodice of her gown away from one heaving, massive breast, letting the naked flesh spill out into the open air. Acres of supple, porcelain-white flesh were exposed to my eyes, all-natural titmeat pouring out of her dress until the pale areola and puffy nipple bud were exposed.

I laughed to myself with delight and borderline disbelief as I took in the sight, then reached forward, cupping the beach-ball-sized breast and hauling it fully out of her breast. Flesh poured between my fingers, jiggling and jelly-soft, yielding to my touch but feeling so heavy, so full. My thumb found her nipple and pressed it like a button,

twiddling it back and forth as Christina moaned into my sister's own bulging, milk-spewing tit.

I kneaded her breastflesh shamelessly, my cock shrugging and twitching with anticipation. Sofia watched on from beside us, enraptured by the perverse three-way act unfolding before her eyes.

"C'mere," I said, reaching forward to sink my hand into Sofia's long dark mane of blonde-streaked hair, gathering it behind her head before pulling her up, leaning in to kiss her sloppily on the mouth. I enjoyed the perfect softness of her thick, luscious bimbo lips as I made out with her, moaning against her, licking her tongue, crushing her face against my own, treating her like a common whore. I tasted my sister's milk on her lips and tongue as I felt the rush of domination, of ownership.

I guided Sofia's hand down, down, until it met my turgid, throbbing cockshaft, and I forced her to grip it, encircling her fingers around its Coke-can-thick girth. She did not resist, but I felt her gasp against me as she felt the heat, the hardness, and she fondled my prick with obvious interest, melting against me.

She jerked me once, her hand slick against the cum-slathered length, and I hissed into her mouth, seething with lust. My cock flexed and belched another thick load of pre-cum, dousing the front of Christina's dress as she sat before me, nursing steadily from Stefanie. I bit Sofia's fat lower lip, licked her sloppily on the cheek, leaving a trail of thick, frothy spittle behind on her gorgeous face.

I stared into her eyes as she jerked me, savoring the moment as her lower lip trembled nervously. Then I was kissing her again, drawing her in, tongue lancing out to claim her, licking the roof of her mouth, slurping on those puffy, soft lips. She jerked me slowly, sensually, kissing me back even as I clutched and groped Christina's breast.

When I pulled away from Sofia, her lips were parted slightly, tongue half-out, glimmering strands of saliva still bridging the gap between us. Her eyes were half-lidded, cheeks flush, the picture of lust and acceptance.

"You're younger… than my son," she said quietly, dreamily.

I kissed her again, her fat puffy lips closing around my questing tongue and sucking it lewdly, her cheeks concave, slurping noisily, fellating it like a cock. I let out a grunt of joy and pissed an arcing beam of pre-cum all over Christina's cleavage as she sat before me on the couch — drawing a sickly white zig-zag over the expanse of pale flesh, oozing down into her cleavage.

I pushed Sofia down onto the couch brusquely, her tits bouncing and jiggling, barely contained within her elegant white evening gown. Her eyes were heavy-lidded and dull, and she sat complacently, awaiting instructions as Christina hungrily nursed on my sister right beside her.

I took my own cock in hand, jerking it with wet *schlikk-schlikk-schlikk* sounds, pulling my foreskin back, revealing the full, bruise-colored, helmet-shaped glans at the end of my footlong cockshaft. The coinslot-sized dickhole yawned and dispatched another streaming jet of pre-cum, looping over Christina and Sofia's faces in wild ribbons, making them both flinch. I chuckled as I pissed pre-spunk all over them — criss-crossing their faces, blasting them both at once, then spurting down onto their bulging, fat tits. Two sets of beautiful, perfect breasts — one richly tanned, one pristine and pale — were marked and lined with glistening, pearly ropes as my cock spat a piping-hot beam of pre-nut all over them.

"*Dios mío,* it stinks," Sofia marveled, subconsciously bringing up her hands to rub the gloopy, lotion-thick discharge into her titflesh. "So nasty…"

I reached forward and grasped the curvy Latina by her hair yet again, pulling her off the sofa and onto her knees on the floor in front of me. She looked straight down the rigid length of my dick, her eyes calculating its length, reeling at the size. She sniffed heavily, breathing in my pungent, powerful musk, and whimpered involuntarily. I yanked her toward the slab of cockmeat, bulging with cable-thick veins, and her tits jiggled and bounced, one suddenly popping out of the front of her dress and hanging free, exposing her ruddy, caramel-colored nipple.

"*Por favor…*" she said, eyes heavy-lidded and glassy, pleading to no one in particular.

The head of my cock, freed from its shroud of fleshy foreskin, drooled and burped a continuous stream of thick, viscous pre-cum, and the girthy shaft glistened with its coating of slime and cum filth. My huge, swollen balls hung like coconuts below the base of my tortured, granite-hard length, brushing the insides of my thighs. Sofia mewled like an animal as a wave of rancid cock-stink blasted her in the face, and I guided her forward, holding her firmly by the hair, inching her closer until her puffy, pouting lips were squashed and smeared against the hot, spongy, sticky head of my prick. She breathed in and groaned weakly, eyes rolling back in her head as her jaw went slack and I shoved the first thick inches of pipe into her wet mouth.

She brought her arms up, steadying herself against my thighs, trying to force herself away as my prick invaded her mouth, and she retched as the fist-sized cockhead slid over her helpless tongue and lodged in the back of her throat.

I was completely filling her mouth and she'd taken less than a quarter of my full length into her mouth. I knew she realized what was going to happen, knew instinctively, even if she couldn't believe it yet. I wouldn't be happy until I'd driven hat pole all the way down her throat and fucked her face like a pussy, and there wasn't a single solitary thing she could do about it.

Sofia gurgled as the invading cock strained her jaw, her lips forming an airtight seal around my shaft. I pulled her forward, clutching her hair, pushing with my hips to drive the blunt end of my cock deeper down her esophagus. Her gurgling chokes became a sustained gagging as her throat abruptly gave in, and in a single lurch I drove my cock

halfway down. My huge, helmet-shaped glass appeared as a grotesque bulge below her jaw, distending her graceful throat. Her diamond necklace snapped abruptly as her throat expanded, tumbling to the floor.

Her eyes rolled back and tears ran down her cheeks. The bulge of my cockhead traveled deeper as her throat was brutally pried further apart than it ever had been. The older woman took long, gasping breaths through her nose, huffing and gurgling while my cock stretched her out. I hugged her head, driving my cock ever downward, until I hilted myself with a final lurch, my pelvis thrusting forward, crushing into her face and flattening her nose.

And then… I began to fuck her face.

With a slippery, squelching, sickening *glluuuurrkkk,* I managed to pull my cock halfway back out of Sofia's clenching throat, disgorging a burbling deluge of throat slime and spit down onto her cum-glazed tits… Then I thrust forward again, driving my cock down into her like a jackhammer with a wet, meaty *skwisshhhh* until I was mounted on her face, balls-deep again, my heavy, sperm-laden nutsack hammering against her distended throat.

Sofia's hands slid down my thighs until her arms dropped to hang uselessly at her sides as I humped her head, funneling my dickmeat down her throat, her swanlike neck bulging in a lewd, subhuman display as it was filled to the brim with my massive cock. Her chin sank into my fat, swollen ballsack, her lips spread to their maximum as I fucked her face in short, shallow strokes, hammering into her again and again, ramming my cock all the way down her throat.

I felt my cockhead swell before pissing more hot pre-cum directly into her stomach as I fucked her skull, holding onto her with two handfuls of blonde-streaked hair. My cock sank down into her throat then pulled back hard, Sofia gagging and heaving loudly as my massive shaft dragged up thick gouts of throat slime, dripping down her chin onto her jiggling titties in a viscous river of spit and cum.

"Huuuarrgghhh!" she gurgled pathetically. "Hhllllgghhh! Hnnnnnghh!!"

The sounds she made were inhuman — a grunting, choking, gagging refrain as her neck undulated and bulged, my cock burrowing into it repeatedly. I swung my hips forward and fucked her helpless mouth, choking her ruthlessly with my cock, pounding away at her throat, all he while leaking pre-cum, constantly dispatching the hot, milky fluid down her gullet. Each time I drove down and then withdrew, she let out a gurgling grunt that was wet with spit, throat slime, and my own pre-cum.

"Gggglchhh!" she blubbered around my cock. "Bbbluurrrghhh!!"

I was speeding up, thrusting forward and fucking her throat savagely, as Sofia gurgled and gagged, tears running from blank eyes. All at once I withdrew, extricating my prick from deep within her throat, and she gasped loudly, the ridged cockhead escaping her

lips with a wet *pop!* like a wine cork being pried from the bottle. She fell backwards, coughing and hacking, gasping for air and sobbing, one massive, tanned tit hanging out indecently.

I reached down and yanked the fabric away from her other breast, ripping her expensive gown casually, baring both of her perfectly formed, rounded, teardrop-shaped breasts to my eyes. They jiggled and wobbled on her chest like two heaping scoops of Jell-O, and I grinned at the forbidden sight, flicking my cock like a wand and showering her naked titties with droplets of her own spit and slobber.

“I’m not fucking finished yet,” I hissed down at her. “Jack me off, Sofia… Make me cum, bitch…”

The humiliated older actress visibly shrank from this cruel command, but she nodded and slowly rose up on her knees, taking my cum-slick cock in her hand again. Behind her on the couch, Stef yanked Christina’s head away from her milk-spewing tit and turned her to face Sofia, making her watch.

Sofia directed my cock toward her face, jerking me with long, smooth strokes, the angry purple head staring her down. I sighed with pleasure, watching the beautiful actress urgently stroking my huge, throbbing cock. My hips bucked, a reflexive response as she slowly slid her grip up from the root to the fat, engorged knob, then back down until both of her hands were around the base of my shaft again. My swollen nuts gurgled ominously, indicating their fulness, the churning load of sperm inside ready to blow.

“You fucking whore,” I spat, letting Sofia jack me off.

“Yes, sir,” she responded meekly, her spirit all but crushed.

With an audible *spluuuuoorrrt*, I spurted an involuntary jet of pre-cum that arced through the air and bisected her beautiful face. She flinched at the power of my expulsion, my cock tensing in her hands, threatening to blast her again, but she kept stroking me, slowly, patiently. She worked her hands up my shaft again and an even bigger dollop of pre-cum pushed out the tip to slide down all over her fingers, then plopped wetly down onto her breasts.

“Sofia… this is wrong,” Christina mumbled, lips dripping and drooling with milk. “He’s just a kid… think of… your husband…”

I moaned, and my cock swelled before firing of three more successive jets of pre-cum — *spluuuurrrt, spluuurrrggtt, spluuusshhh* — all of which arced up over Sofia’s face and painted Christina’s shelf-like buffet of pale titlfesh, powerful bursts drawing sickly white lines across her skin. The redhead gasped, looking down at the way the steaming, stinking goop criss-crossed the heaping globes of her breasts, her left tit barely held in place by the bodice of that lacy burgundy dress, her chest a sloppy mess of paste-thick pre-spunk.

“Fuck, it’s so hot,” Christina said, in spite of herself. “The feeling... on my skin.. is...”

“I know,” Sofia whined, milking my cock up and down, her slick, lubed-up fingers sliding all over the slippery cock-shaft. The soft, wet sounds of her jerking mixed with the sound of their low, hushed breathing. “I know it’s wrong, but... I think I want it...”

“Jerk it faster, slut,” I commanded, and she immediately obeyed, her hands a blur on my cum-coated shaft. I tensed and spurted again, drawing a sick white zig-zag across her face. The pre-ejaculations were becoming more powerful, and my pre-cum was getting milkier, thicker, tinged with more of my sperm, my true climax building, always building...

Christina cooed as I spurted another enormous jet of pre-cum all over her neck and down into her cleavage as Sofia milked my turgid, angry-looking prick. My heavy balls drew up against the base of my cock and swelled visibly before their eyes, burbling audibly, clearly aching for release. My cockhead grew darker in hue, expanding, trembling... I grunted and humped into Sofia’s hands reflexively as she aimed my huge, engorged, bulbous tip at her face.

I hissed with lust, and my hips jerked as I pissed a long, powerful ribbon of pre-cum directly into Sofia’s open mouth. Then another, and another... and another. The actress’ eyes rolled back in her head and she shuddered as blasts of pre-cum splattered over her tongue. I was flooding her mouth with my prodigious, gushing pre-cum loads... My balls were twitching and gurgling loudly as I filled her mouth with cloudy pre-spunk, and she gargled it desperately.

“You’re going to drown her,” Christina marveled, in a way that made clear she wasn’t really sure if that was a good or bad thing. It sounded almost like she wanted to see me do it, sounded impressed, awed, reverent.

Sofia was pumping me throughout all of this. The feeling of her hands on my cock was pure heaven, driving me closer and closer to the edge...

“Beg for my cum,” I said tersely, craning his head back, closing my eyes. “Beg for it.”

“P-please, sir,” Sofia murmured, mouth overflowing with pre-cum. “Cum for me… Dump your load all over her... Show me much you can shoot... Please... Do it... Blow your nasty wad... all over my stupid fucking face!!”

My cock swelled in her fisting hands, twitching, inflating until it felt as big around as a rugby ball. My already swollen cockhead engorged further, blushing an angry red-violet, then my cum slit opened... This was it...

Before Sofia and Christina’s shocked faces, a thick, coagulated cum worm extruded from my dickhole in a leisurely, constant flow, as if in slow-motion... jelly-thick, glittering in the light, a jaundiced butter-yellow color... Obviously so much denser than my pre-cum, almost solid in its clotted fulness. It was like my dick was birthing a cum-baby, a compact gummy-worm of pure, concentrated jism... They both watched silently, in awe,

as it drooped and hung heavily from the bulging end of my rock-hard shaft.

Then I gasped as a built-up load rushed up my shaft from the root of my prick, like buckshot through a shotgun barrel, and the whole mess exploded with the force of a firehose, blasting all over Sofia's waiting face in a heavy splatter-pattern that rocked her head back as if she'd been struck.

Another cum-worm was right behind it, billowing out in a finger-thick plume that caught her full in the face before looping up, into her dark hair, then up over Christina's gargantuan, buttermilk-colored breasts, lining the expanse of naked titflesh, drooling into her deep cleavage. The smell of potent sperm jelly wafted into the women's nostrils and they both moaned at the virile, intoxicating scent.

As soon as the tail of this second jelly worm burst out of my dickhole, I gushed another powerful and prolonged beam of pure, gooey semen, marking Sofia's face with sickly, off-white trails, striping her cheeks, plugging her nostrils with dense cum-gunk. I moaned as one spurt melted into the next, a series of rapid-fire bursts, each longer and more powerful than the last. Another, another, another, until Sofia's famous face was an unrecognizable mask of gloopy, chowder-thick, butter-colored nut gravy, her eyelids plastered shut, her yawning mouth a latticework of cum strands and dripping, foul discharge.

But I wasn't finished... not even close. I rode an unending wave of ecstasy, feeling like I was floating, the sweet promise of a long edging session fulfilled in a non-stop outpouring of potent, sperm- rich jism. Each gush of semen, each mighty rope, lasted about ten seconds apiece, with brief interludes in-between as if my cock was reloading itself, shrugging and twitching before lurching forward and spitting more finger-thick beams of cum.

"You just fuckin' sit there," I murmured. "And take it..."

It was as if I was pissing sperm directly onto her, and Sofia could only kneel, transfixed in awe, and accept it all. The sounds of my powerful sperm blasts echoed off the walls as the actress continued to blindly milk my shaft, her vision long since obscured beneath a blanket of clumpy, chunky cock-cream.

Spluuoorrrrt!! Spluuurrrrrshhh! Spluuorrrggttt!! Skuuuusshhhhh!!

Sofia mumbled something unintelligible through her cum-glazed facemask, a series of dumb-sounding moans and gurgles. She was trying to express her own completely mind-fucked shame, the degrading feeling of being totally coated in her rapist's cum...

Her face, and behind her the entire front of Christina's wine-red gown, were painted in arcs and splatters of cum, easily a quart or more of porridge-thick fluid altogether. Her mouth was open through it all, and I kept cumming into it long after it was filled to the brim, overflowing like a clogged toilet or a boiling pot of water... a sloppy, burbling cauldron of butter-yellow, foam-thick cream.

I grimaced and hitched, dispatching a couple of shorter, thicker spurts, making wet, sputtering noises as the chunky, gummy sperm wads ejected from my cock like bullets. Sofia moaned absently as my cock belched a follow-up beam, a prolonged jet of piping-hot semen painting Christina's vast titties, filling her cleavage like a trickling stream during a flash-flood.

"You fuckin' fat-titted slut," I growled at the ginger-haired actress. "Here, come get some..."

Stef pushed her forward and Christina bent compliantly, her huge, cum-painted tits squashing against the back of Sofia's head, and she opened her mouth, sticking her tongue out. She was the picture of submission, an unattainable dream fulfilled, and the feeling of triumph amplified the pleasure of my climax like light refracting through a prism into a pinprick of laser-focused ecstasy.

My cock pulsed and I pissed a chunky, semi-solid blast of sperm into Christina's hungry mouth. It filled her to overflowing swiftly and the tail end of the rope looped out crazily over her lips, down her chin, onto her neck.

"Turn your face," I ordered her. "Take it all over..."

She turned her face from side to side, letting me nut all over her beautiful features, coating her cheeks, her forehead, her nose... unloading as fully as I possibly could.

Cum dangled off Christina's chin in long, drooping cords and ropes, sinking to her huge white tits below. Dollops of sperm oozed and plopped audibly off her face down onto her chest and cleavage, and below that onto Sofia's own cum-sodden face and tits. I shuddered as I oozed out another dribbling emission that drooled right onto Sofia's soft, golden-tan breast-flesh, the actress still milking me through it all. I wasn't shooting ropes now so much as leaking a constant flow of backed-up nut, the jets growing weaker and weaker, until at last I was finished, my cockhead laying nestled in Christina's cum-stuffed cleavage, excess spunk dripping down onto Sofia's completely obscured face. Her hands fell away from my cock and dropped lifelessly to the floor, her body collapsing backward into Christina's lap, her ragged, cum-clogged breathing the only sign of life left in the disgraced actress, little air bubbles blossoming lazily in the featureless cum-mask, roughly above where her mouth should be.

I looked down at Christina, and she stared back up at me with confused and shame-filled eyes, her own face and tits sloppily marked with excess cream, her gown a soaking mess.

"What... did you think... of that?" I huffed, catching my breath after the tremendous exertion and overwhelming, mind-shattering ecstasy of the climax.

"I don't know how you've done this… Don't know what you are," she murmured, staring into his eyes. "I know you're just a kid, but… your cum tastes so good… I feel so… dirty…"

I slapped her hard — *THWACKK!!* — sending droplets of cum and spit splattering against the wall. She yelped painfully, nearly collapsing off the couch, but Stef held her in place.

“Whatever I am… I am also your Master,” I said. “Now take your gown off, you stupid, cum-faced slut.”

Christina made a defiant, pouting face, but nonetheless she reached behind her and began unzipping her dress. I saw it loosen, her massive breasts pushing the cups of her bustier forward in fits and jerks as she undid the zipper, until they were suddenly free — two beautiful, perfect, motherly tits, each bigger than a basketball... paper-white in color, with pale, pink areolas the size of tea saucers, peaked by puffy, fat nipples. As her dress fell away down over her midriff, I was treated to an incredible sight — her breasts retained their position, glued together by the paste-thick river of cum already flooding her cleavage. Then, slowly, they separated under their own considerable weight, like frosting-coated cinnamon rolls being pulled apart, fresh and hot out of the oven... revealing a dense, sloppy latticework of glittering cum strands bridging the gap across her deep canyon of cleavage.

I could not help myself and my cock, still iron-hard and aimed directly at Christina, spit up a looping ribbon of pre-cum that arced across one exposed, fat nipple, making it stiffen and rise.

“You’re still hard,” Christina noted with an arched eyebrow. She lowered her dress and looked down at Sofia, cum-drowned and motionless, lying in her lap, face still buried under a sloppy, coiling pile of sperm ropes.

“That’s because I’m not finished yet,” I growled, fisting my cock once. I took Sofia by the wrist and brusquely yanked her to the side, rolling her off of Christina’s lap and letting her collapse in a heap, a cum-drenched mess, on the floor.

Christina stood before me. Her own torso and gown were still drenched in my sticky, clinging ejaculate, and with delicate fingers she shimmied the garment down over her wide, matronly hips, exposing the fatty bulge of her upper thighs, meeting her waist in curvaceous hillocks of flesh. She wore the briefest of lacy, lavender panties covering her cunt, but the straps sank deeply and disappeared into the overflowing flesh of her broad, rounded hips.

“Do you know what I want?” I asked, suggestively stroking my cock as I eyed her mountainous breasts.

“I can guess,” she sighed, shimmying the dress past her knees, making her own heavy tits dance and sway as she rocked from side to side. She looked down self-consciously at her own huge breasts, criss-crossed with ropes of the clumpy, chowder-thick, butter-yellow issue of my swollen, cum-stuffed nuts.

“Lay back,” I said, and she looked up at me with glimmering, tear-rimmed eyes, hesitating, as if she might still resist... But then she complacently knelt on the couch and

leaned back, her tits wobbling and quivering as she balanced on her arms and slowly lowered herself into a prone position, kicking her sodden, cum-soaked gown off her ankles until it finally lay about her feet.

I was on her in a second, lowering myself over her body, straddling her, my cock dribbling a steady stream of chunky white cream, looming over her, painting her midriff with lines of pre-cum. Then I was gripping her tits, my hands sinking deep into the soft tittyflesh, disappearing up to my wrists. I marveled at their softness, kneading them like dough, flesh oozing up and spilling over my knuckles, swallowing my fingers like quicksand.

“Fuck yes,” I hissed. “So perfect… Just like I imagined…”

Her breasts were supple and warm to the touch, huge and squishy, each a massive mound of jiggling, yielding titflesh. I groped and squeezed her tremendous mammaries with boyish glee, and Christina bit her puffy lower lip, desperately trying to contain her own evident arousal.

She gasped as I fondled her, smearing my own gloopy cum into her flesh, burying my hands in her mountainous breasts. So full, so heavy, they spilled over my palms as I groped, squeezed, and pressed them together. She mewled pathetically and I felt her nipples harden and stiffen beneath my fingers as she squirmed and whimpered at my ministrations.

“Do you know how many times I’ve dreamed of doing this?” I asked, squishing and squashing the two beach-ball-sized breasts together, squeezing a mass of cum between them like mayonnaise on an overloaded sandwich.

“You’re just a little boy,” she responded, looking down at the lewd display. “I’m old enough… to be your mother…”

“That’s never stopped me before,” I growled. “And I’ve had hundreds. Thousands.”

“Oh God,” she whispered, face hot with shame. “Do it… Just get it over with…”

“I’ve been waiting a long time for this — I’m going to enjoy myself,” I said, slapping my cock wetly on one of her huge, creamy mounds like I was beating a drum — *thwapp, thwapp, thwapp* — making the pale flesh jiggle and wobble madly.

“You little… shit,” she hissed through gritted teeth, trying to ignore the humiliating, indecent, childish act as her tits were knocked to and fro by the bloated, knob- thick end of my oversized cock.

Surging with lust, I took hold of both of her naked titties. Flesh poured over my fingers as I squeezed and pressed them together, my cock resting, nestled amidst her cleavage, shuddering and twitching with ominous power. I caught the nub of one fat nipple between my fingers and pinched, eliciting a yelp from the gorgeous actress, and I

laughed at her helplessness.

Finally, I braced himself over her, pressing my spongy cock-head up against the underside of her cleavage, then sinking my hips forward, burying my rigid length inch by inch between her sloshing, quivering breasts. Kneeling on either side of her ribcage, I squeezed her immense jugs together around my shaft, forming an amazing channel of wet warmth, of tight, jelly-wobbling softness, already sticky and slime-coated with my seed from earlier.

I plowed into her cleavage with abandon, looking down into her beautiful face, admiring the way her tits were crushed upward, swallowing her chin in a deep cleft of yielding flesh. I grasped her two massive tits from each side and used them to crush my throbbing pole, and then I started thrusting, fucking the deep canyon of her cleavage, rocking back and forth, slamming my hips against the undersides of her jostling breasts with a repeating *plapp-plapp-plapp-plapp...*

“Nuhhh,” she groaned. “Nnnrahhhh!! You little bastard... you’ll pay for this!”

“Cut the shit,” I grunted, staring down into her eyes. “I know you don’t even believe that anymore... You’re close to breaking... Your mind is weak... It’s only a matter of time.”

“Fuck you,” she gasped, her face framed by the twin hemispheres of her own massive breasts as my thrusts rocked her, my cockhead spearing up out of the airtight cleavage again and again, bashing into her chin as I violated her, making her flinch and wince.

My fat balls made a *whopp-whopp-whopp* sound as they bounced off the undersides of her enormous globes. The sounds coming from her breasts were lewd and squishy — *skwullchhh, skluuurkkk, squiiickkk* — as my prick leaked a continuous, milky stream of pre-cum into her deep cleavage. It was an endless, gushing river of hot, syrupy cream, an insane, inhuman amount of ejaculate. I fucked the burbling pre-spunk into a froth as I plowed in between her tits, the smell stinging her nostrils and putting fresh tears in her eyes. Clapping, smacking sounds resonated each time my hips slammed into her blubbery underboobs, and the cleft between her breasts made squeaking, farting sounds each time I pumped my long pipe in and out of her tit-chasm.

Suddenly, Stefanie was looming in front of me, kneeling on the couch beside us. She hiked up her dress, exposing her naked cunt and swung one thigh over Christina’s head, squatting over her face, squashing her cunt down onto the actress’ mouth. Christina yelped in surprise then was quickly silenced as she tasted my sister’s pussy juice, equally addictive as her milk, and began slurping and suckling hungrily on her snatch.

Stef smiled contentedly and then hefted her own drooling, milk-laden its, presenting them to my face. I smiled dreamily and sank forward into her bosom, nipping and biting, burying my face in an avalanche of titflesh, drinking freely from her milk-spewing nipples as I continued titty-fucking Christina Hendricks.

The mind-blowing feeling of nursing on my beautiful sister while degrading a freshly

conquered slut caused me to tense and hitch, my cock expelling a rope of pre-cum as my fuck-thrusts went wild, his fist-sized cockhead battering Christina's chin as she desperately ate out Stef from below, the spongy, gooey glans squashing into her neck and throat with reckless abandon, drooling fresh pre-cream all the while, marking her with rancid-smelling cock filth.

I slammed my hips down as hard as I could, sinking down onto Christina with my full weight, driving the air out of her lungs, making her gasp and choke desperately, flattening her huge tits beneath me. Then there was a gurgling, spurting sound as my cock, buried completely in her valley, spit out a nasty, chunky rope of super-thick cream. It bubbled up like magma from beneath the earth, oozing out of the airtight cleft between her titties and seeping all over her neck and chin. My oversized testicles drew up against the base of my cock as I followed that first volley with another, and another, and another, coating and filling the crevice between her massive fuckbags. I pushed forward, so my cockhead emerged from her cleavage, the coinslot-sized pisshole dilating wide as it dispatched plume after finger-thick plume of searing hot, buttery yellow cum, and Stef pulled back so I could bust all over Christina's face and mouth.

I grunted, and a thick white worm of chunky, hot semen spurted across her beautiful face with an audible *spluuuuorrgggt*, bisecting her features with a fat rope of cum. The weight and heat of it were intense, and the force of my ejaculation knocked the actress' head back against the couch cushions.

Wad after wad ejected all over her pretty face, lining her features, leaving her wearing a thick, glazed mask of my cum much like Sofia's. She moaned in appreciation, taking it, as I crushed her tits around my cock, using her pillowy bosom to squeeze the gummy-thick cum ropes right out onto her face. My cock pulsed, diamond-hard, the veins swollen and turgid as I strangled my own length beneath an avalanche of porcelain-white tittyflesh, sighing in release, my face a mask of ecstasy.

"Open your fuckin' mouth," I commanded, and she instantly complied, yawning wide, letting me blast jet after jet of clotted, rancid sperm onto her passive, waiting tongue. White-hot beams of cum splashed over her lips, her teeth, over the roof of her mouth, collecting in a mucusy wad in the back of her throat, shooting directly up her nose, clogging her sinuses with the pasty gunk. She gargled and excess spunk erupted from her throat, seeping out of her nose and drooling down her face, and through it all I just kept nutting, erupting like a fountain, shooting all over her face and neck as her titties crushed my cock in an exquisite embrace.

When I withdrew, my mighty cock slid wetly all the way back out of her cleavage, squeezing one final, dense, nearly-solid cum worm out of my bloated cockhead, like the final spurt of toothpaste pinched out of a nearly-empty tube. I rose, letting her tits slosh on her chest, her cleavage a soupy, sperm-flooded mess, her face a disaster zone of fat, glittering, semi- solid cum ropes.

The disgraced actress looked up at me as I stood, cum dripping heavily over her eyelashes. She swished and chewed the semen in her mouth, before parting her lips to show just how full she was. The amount of cum inside was enough to totally cover her

tongue and most of her teeth, brimming at the corners and slopping down over her cheeks.

“Get up here, bitch,” I said to Sofia, hauling her up by her arm. The cum-drowned actress staggered to her feet, stumbling over her own ivory-colored gown.

“Go fuckin’ suck my load out of her fucking face,” I ordered crudely, tossing her down onto Christina’s cum-soaked tits. Sofia meekly complied, crawling up onto Christina’s naked torso until they were face-to-face, their cum-slick breasts squelching and sliding against each other. Sofia sank into the thick puddle of jism that was Christina’s chest, feeling it saturate her as well, and then she leaned down to kiss her, licking and dredging up cum curds and ropy strands from the rim of her lips.

Christina embraced Sofia and kissed her deeply, shoving the immense load of cum in her own mouth into her face. Sofia swished it thoughtfully then spit it back into Christina’s sucking mouth, and they traded the cum back and forth, back and forth, divvying it up, chewing it, slurping it greedily. When they disengaged, their puffy bimbo lips stayed connected by thick, yellowy tendrils of cum, and they each took turns slurping these strands up like fat noodles of spaghetti.

They smeared their faces together for my’ enjoyment, rubbing sloppy cheek to sloppy cheek, cum into cum... Sofia ground her body against Christina lewdly, suggestively thrusting her round hips against the other woman’s, then slid down to kiss her heaving, fulsome breasts and planting her lips over the woman’s cum-drenched nipple, sucking and slurping heavily.

It was a disgraceful display, the two beauties both soaked in cream, their skin glimmering with a moist sheen in the early morning light, and my dick strained as I watched them writhing and wriggling against each other, my balls drawing up against the base of my massive cock and gurgling, telling me there was more inside, more to give, more loads to blow on these sluts.

Stef sidled up next to me, her cool fingers encircling the throbbing girth of my cock, beginning a soothing stroking motion that built an ever-increasing lust inside me. I turned and looked her in the face, and she was staring deep into my eyes, the two of us feeling the surge of that rapport, the undeniable mental bond as we became one. My cock, the center of both of our lives.

“Finish it,” she whispered hotly, stroking me steadily.

I looked down on the two women making out sloppily on my couch, squirming and grinding on one another, a writhing mass of flesh, soft hips, squishing breasts, hot tongues and parted lips, as they both indulged fully in their burgeoning cum-lust, the addiction that would rule their lives forever. My cock hitched in Stef’s hand, blowing a full-on rope of chunky-thick cum over Sofia’s fat ass, her white gown tangled around her waist, barely hanging off her body.

Stef cooed and squeezed my dick hard, pressing her body against me, squashing her

tits into my shoulder, and my cock erupted again… and again… and again… I was already at my limit, my scrotum swelling and expanding, each testicle feeling bigger than a grapefruit… I wasn't cumming, not really — it was as if my balls were just emptying themselves, like in one of my wet dreams, freeing themselves up for fresh issue, pumping jism at near-climax levels. I lifted Sofia's gown and tossed it up over her hips, exposing the full expanse of her big, round, tanned ass and the lacy black panties disappearing into her crack. Soon I had coated those cheeks, fat ropes draping up to the small of her back.

I hiked her panties down, her hips wriggling as I slipped them down her thighs, baring her dark-furred cunt to my eyes, and she broke away from Christina, looking back over her shoulder with a smoldering gaze.

"Do it," she hissed. "Fuck me… I don't wanna wait anymore, *papi…* I wanna be yours… Make me your fucking bitch…"

She thrust her fat ass back at me, begging to be rutted and taken for all she was worth. I looked down at the pulpy outer folds of her cunt, drooling thick, heavy girl-cream, wetting the way for my entry. Stef guided me forward by my cock, still stroking so gently, and as I positioned my iron-girder prick at Sofia's lips, she squirted spontaneously in anticipation.

I ran my hand over the flank of her shapely ass as I drew my hips back then sank forward, pushing into Sofia with all my strength, opening her up with my girth, which disappeared inch after inch thanks to how unbelievably, gushingly wet she was. She was tight, so wondrously tight, and I gasped, clutching her by the hips and pulling her back against me.

"Ouuhhh, fuck!!" she shouted directly into her mother's cunt. "*Ayy, papí…* I can feel it stretching me out! It's... fucking my body up! *Me vuelve loca… Sí, sí, mi amo!*"

There was a fleshy noise as I pushed harder and my large cocktip speared past her cervix and into her womb. Sofia threw her head back and seemed to lose all coordination in her limbs as she cried out, climaxing immediately. Her words became unintelligible — she couldn't form sentences any more, only grunt and wail like a beast, the sensation taking her to an elevated realm of rapture.

Her curvy, MILF-stacked body was rocked back and forth by my fuck-thrusts, her face squashed down into Christina's sperm-flooded cleavage. I smacked her ass over and over again as my cock hammered into her womb.

"Gyuhh!" she gurgled, eyes rolling back, tongue hanging outas her mind broke once and for all at the end of my cock. The deepest parts of her womb were wrapped around my bloated cum-cannon like a second skin, like a living condom. My enormous pipe was scraping her and stretching her out.

Her confused, lust-addled mind, reduced only to the base instincts to breed and be dominated by a man, snapped. She would do anything to feel this rapture again, any

submissive, degrading act I desired. She would be my slave forever, for all time, without question, as long as she lived.

“Fuck me... Master!” she cried, and I knew that was it. I fucked into her deeply, my cock reshaping her insides with one final, angry thrust, shaft buried to the balls. My cock-crown distended her womb and pressed up into her guts, and my pisshole dilated and began to pump out hot, nasty ropes of unbelievably thick semen. I could feel each stinging impact of sloppy, bubbling, chowdery cum inside her, could hear it as I emptied my nuts into her body — *splluuoooorrttt!!*

I held her down, fingers gripping into the fleshy curve of her broad hips, dumping load after load into her until heavy splatters of the stuff began to pour back out of the tight seal her pussy made around the base of my cock. Stef knelt and put her face beside my spasming cock and clenching, gurgling balls, and the overflow splashed and spurted directly down onto my sister’s face and open mouth, a waterfall of messy, lumpy semen cascading down Sofia’s thighs. The actress collapsed onto Christina’s soft, cushioning body, blubbering pathetically as I flicked my hips with a few final fuck thrusts, squeezing a final, sperm- aden cum-worm into her decimated womb.

When I withdrew, a thick paste of whitish cream poured out of Sofia’s pussy, which Stef slurped and lapped up greedily.

“Now... you...” I huffed, and not even bothering to push Sofia’s limp body to the side, I reached down to yank the lavender panties away from Christina’s red-furred cunt. I lifted her legs to make her more accessible, and she folded her knees readily around Sofia’s wasp-thin waist.

I let my hand rest on the globe-like cheek of Sofia’s fat, cum-streaked ass, steadying her, nestling my bloated cockhead against Christina’s pussy right below.

“That’s it, bitch,” I grinned, spanking Sofia’s fat ass mightily, making the cheeks jiggle and wobble madly before my eyes, clapping together...

WHAPP!!

I reached down and gathered a handful of Stefanie’s hair, yanking her up, dragging her toward Sofia’s ass.

“Put your mouth right there,” I ordered, pointing at the broad flank of Sofia’s ass. She nodded, understanding my intent implicitly, our minds conjoined in perfect synchronicity, and she rested her head on Sofia’s cum-lined ass-flank like a great round pillow, opening her mouth hungrily.

“Like this?” she asked.

“Perfect,” I grunted, lining up my throbbing cock with Christina’s pink pussy lips and shoving my oversized cockhead against her entrance. As ready as the older woman was for me, it was still a tight fit, and I felt her jolt with an instinctive urge to escape the

penetration, the violation.

“Oh, fuck!” she exclaimed, her eyes wide with fear as the first few inches plowed into her tight snatch. Sofia’s mind-fucked, boneless body rested over her like dead weight, preventing her escape as my impossibly large prick speared her, emitting a lewd squishing, farting noise as I worked my way in.

“Aaaaauggghhhh!!” she cried out as I surged forward, suddenly plunging the rest of my cock balls-deep into her box. I grimaced as I felt my cock sink into her deepest recesses, spreading her, the tightness unbelievable, but comforting and warm.

“What do you say, you fucking whore?” I shouted, rearing back and beginning a savage humping.

“Th-th-thank y-you M-Master!! Ouuuhhhh!!” she managed to cry out between my violent thrusts.

I grinned and started pounding the degraded actress’ tight pussy as Stef reached down and cradled my fat balls, trying to coax another massive load from them. Christina Hendricks whimpered and bawled like a pathetic, weak little bitch as I raped her mercilessly, driving her mad with pain and pleasure, fucking her into complete and total, drooling, babbling submission.

All at once I extricated myself from her wet, gushing pussy, her cunt farting degradingly as my footlong cockshaft pulled out of here.

“C’mere,” I grabbed Stef’s head and guided it toward my slimy, cum-slick cock. “Open wide!”

“Aaaannnhhhhhhh...” She looked up at me with wide, obedient eyes and opened her moth as wide as she could. I held my sister’s head in place and firmly shoved every inch of my dick down her throat in one fluid thrust.

Stef’s eyes lidded and rolled back in her head as she tasted two women’s pussies on my own hot, musky cock. She moaned with perverse desire and I cackled with delight before ripping my cock back up out of her gullet, like prying a nail out of a wooden board, her throat releasing me with a lewd, tortured glottal sound... and then slammed it right back into Christina’s gaping, well-fucked pussy.

“Auuuuwwwwhhh fuckkkk!!” the older woman exhaled as she felt my prick fill her once again. “Goodddd, you’re so fucking *bigggg!!*”

I smiled as I stroked in and out of my dream woman, deep and slow, developing a rhythm.

“Gods, yes!” she wailed with desperate need. “Break me, you fucking bastard!!”

I grabbed onto her wide, fat hips, fingers sinking deeply into the pale, doughy flesh, and began to absolutely rail her out with full force, holding nothing back. My pelvis clapped

against her ass-cheeks as I humped her, giving her my strongest, hardest, meanest fucking.

“Holy fucking shit! Oh fuuu-hhuhhhh-huuuckk!!”

I held her in place and ravaged her, destroying her pussy, alternating between her gaped-out, ruined cunt and my sister’s yawning, eager mouth, not slowing the tempo or easing off the roughness of my fucking speed when alternating between the two whore-holes. I throat-fucked Stef’s face as roughly and savagely and ruthlessly as I pounded Christina’s hot cunt, and I knew the rougher and more punishing I face-fucked Stefanie, the more she would enjoy it. She hungrily sucked my giant, throbbing prick every time I switched to fucking her throat, eyes locked on mine, confirming her total submission and enslavement wordlessly as she serviced me.

Meanwhile, Christina’s head thrashed around, crazed, eyes wild, in a rutting frenzy of fucklust. I held Sofia’s lifeless body down, humping against Christina hard, smashing her whole body again and again, making her spine creak painfully as I threw my hips against her motherly, curvaceous form. She was being driven crazy by the punishing fuck-thrusts, enjoying an explosive, screaming, squirting orgasm as she moaned and wailed and squirmed on the end of my rampaging cock. I fucked her senseless, until she was babbling incoherently.

“Umnnnghhh... Blblbl... Fukk... ungggh...” Drool and tears streaked down her face. “Master… fuck... fuck my *cunt*… duh- destroy... muh-meeee….. Fuck... Unnnngghhh!!”

I grunted as I felt my balls throbbing, gurgling, hitching up around the base of my shaft, ready to blow their load. Stef dipped her head under my thrusting cock and latched her lips around my nutsack, licking them sloppily, tonguing my balls, bathing my scrotum in her gargling, drooling spit-slime.

I bent over Sofia’s boneless form, staring down into Christina’s beautiful green eyes as I thrust powerfully into her, and I finally let go, cumming, spurting, shooting deep into her. Eye contact never wavered, and I saw the look on her face of absolute orgasmic rapture, complete neediness, delirious ecstasy. I hilted himself one final time and spewed cum into her spasming, sucking cunt, flooding her womb with an unending load of chunky white nut sauce. I could feel my cock swelling and pulsing within her, bulging with each thick, nasty wad I pumped deep in her bowels. I fired rope after rope of jelly-thick jism until it started to squirt out around the sides of my cock, trickling down over Stef’s face, and I still kept cumming, unloading my nuts fully into the fat-titted bitch’s body. The sounds of ejaculation coming from deep within her were audible and furious — *splluuorrrtt, spluuuurrg, skuuuuushhh*.

I withdrew from her clutching, gushing snatch, jerking my dick as I kept firing rope after rope of pudding-thick cum all over Sofia’s buttocks and back, until she was striped and criss-crossed all over. Christina’s pussy exploded with a gushing torrent of backed-up cum, unleashing the liters of sperm I’d dumped into her, spurting all over the couch

I was riding a prolonged wave of ecstasy, an ecstatic, almost transcendental climax,

jacking my dick feverishly as I just kept cumming, and cumming, and cumming, like a fountain, coating not just Sofia and Christina but the floor, the walls, the sofas... everything. Stef knelt below me, sucking my nuts, jacking my dick through it all, amplifying and prolonging the ecstasy.

Sated at long last, my cock seemed to shudder as it fell limp and drooped against my thigh, drooling the last remnants of post-nut load down my leg. I looked down on my new cum-addicted whores, reveling in my victory. Sofia and Christina lay, embracing each other, coating in a criss-crossing web of glistening, pearly cum-ropes like some sort of perverse chrysalis, their tits mashed together in a soupy marsh of sperm, their cunts both burping and drooling unending twin torrents of my potent, mind-warping nut.

“Tell me what you are,” I murmured, standing over their exhausted, cum- slathered bodies.

Christina and Sofia looked up at me with glassy, unseeing eyes, the same mind-fucked brain-dead expression on both of their lovely, vacant faces. Cum trickled and drooled out of their noses, from the corners of their mouths, down over their chins.

“We are yours, Master,” Sofia said weakly, rasping through a cum- clogged and fucked-raw throat. “Your slaves.”

“Your dumb... fucktoy... bitches...” Christina mumbled, burping up a mouthful of cream.

Stef bit down hard into one of my fat, softball-sized nuts and I hissed, my cock spontaneously erupting with a final, semi-solid jet of clumpy, clotted, butter-colored cum, splattering directly into Christina’s face and making her flinch and whimper helplessly beneath a mask of my cream.

Epilogue:
Inbox (1)

That night, after Christina and Sofia had both been fucked into a nearly comatose state, dozens of loads pumped into their bodies, I left them in the lounge, both suckling mindlessly on my sister’s breasts, cradled to her chest, slurping on her milk-dribbling nipples even in their sleep.

I retreated up to my office, satisfied, my lusts sated after taking out my frustration on the bitches’ willing bodies in an hours-long fuck-session. I collapsed into my desk chair and opened my laptop, the screen’s glow bathing me in blue light in the darkened room.

I scanned my emails and my interest was piqued when I saw a new message at the top of my inbox, with the subject line:

Xavier Academy for Gifted Students

My eyes widened and I immediately clicked on the message, opening it. It read:

Miles,

I'm writing to inform you that the Xavier Academy for Gifted Students is currently enrolling students for the upcoming school year. We believe you may be a perfect fit for our academic program and would like to send an advisor to visit with you and discuss options for enrollment.

The Xavier Academy, located in scenic Westchester, New York, just an hour north of Manhattan, has been helping gifted and talented students achieve their highest potential for decades. We're so excited to offer you this opportunity to pursue higher learning with our world-class faculty!

A representative from our school is free to visit sometime in the next 2 weeks to discuss opportunities for you at Xavier's. Would you like to schedule an appointment?

Thanks and best wishes,

Emma Frost
Senior Faculty, Head of Enrollment

I sat staring at the email, reading and re-reading it with my jaw hanging open in wonderment. Emma Frost. *The* Emma Frost. The very same woman I'd been obsessing over for weeks… months now. She had reached out to me — she was interested in arranging a meeting.

I contemplated the offer. The fact that Xavier's people were contacting me could only mean one thing: they knew I was a mutant. They'd identified me somehow, likely with the Cerebro machine I'd read about in the dossier. But the fact that they weren't confronting me head-on meant they didn't really know what I'd been up to.

Instead, Frost was coming at me just like she'd come for my company. Sideways, sidling up with a knife ready to plunge into my heart. The more I thought about it the more I sensed her schemes in motion, and suspected this was all somehow tied into her ongoing play to steal my father's company from me. Fucking bitch.

At the same time, I felt a thrilling surge of anticipation as I realized I was about to meet Emma Frost face-to-face. She would be in the same room with me, subject to my pheromones. It was happening — this was my chance. All the dreams, the visions… it was all coming true. I felt the machinations of destiny all around me, moving me inexorably toward her, yet somehow also knew that my own actions, good or evil, had prepared me and led me to this moment. My cock stiffened in my joggers as I sat before the computer, contemplating my next move. This would take careful planning and a healthy amount of luck.

There could be no doubt: I wanted her. I wanted to enjoy that succulent body, but more than that… I wanted to take her down a peg. I wanted to pit her powers against my own.

Emma Frost was a remarkable woman, a dangerous woman, but I could have her. I *would* have her. I felt sure of it, stabs of lust coursing through my hardening cock, the lap of my sweatpants tenting as my dick began rising, pulsing, thickening. I looked down and massaged my stiffening prick idly, thinking that only one thing would satisfy my desires and sate this looming, uncomfortable erection. Only one thing.

I had to have her.

To Be Concluded…